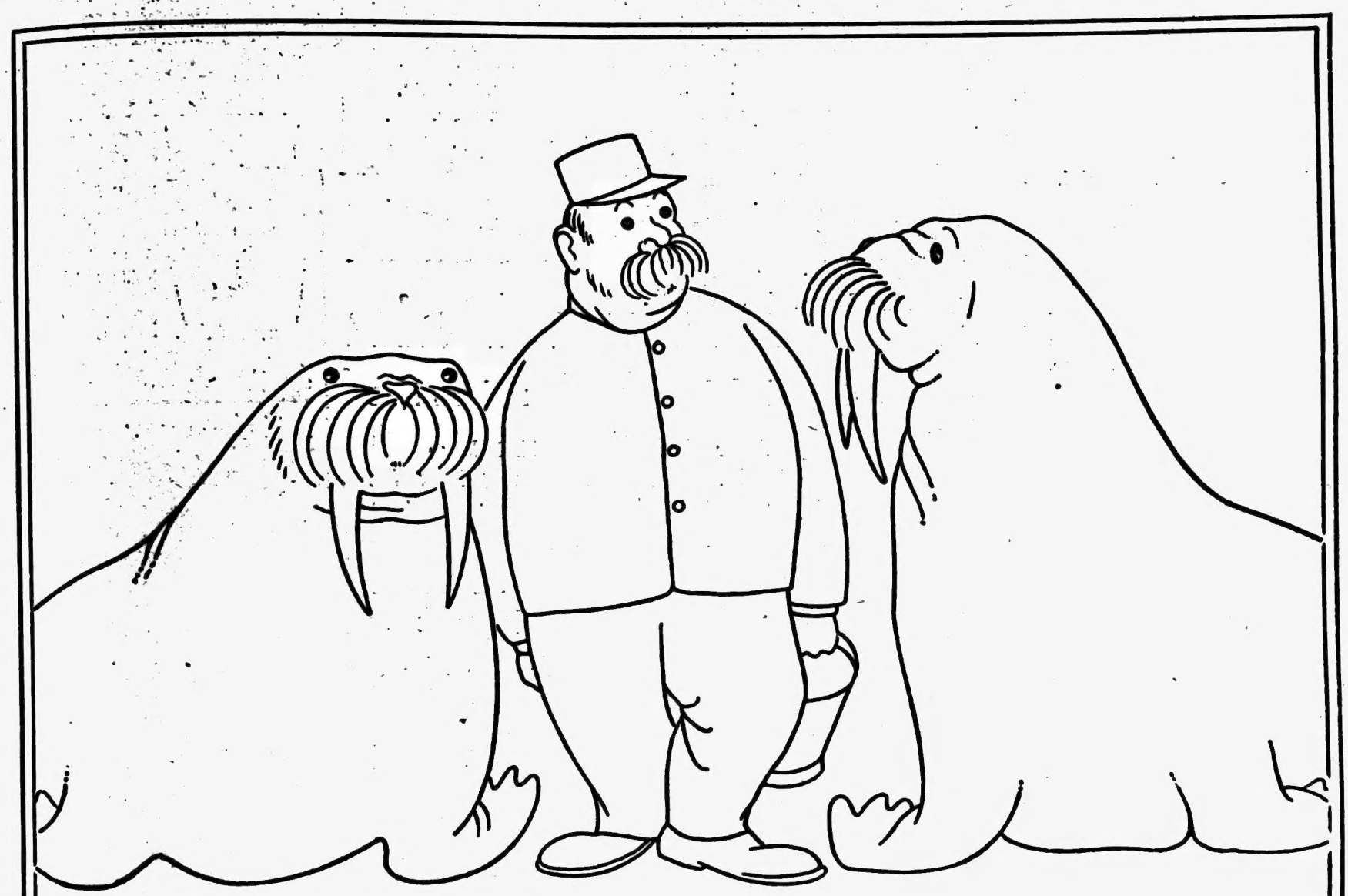
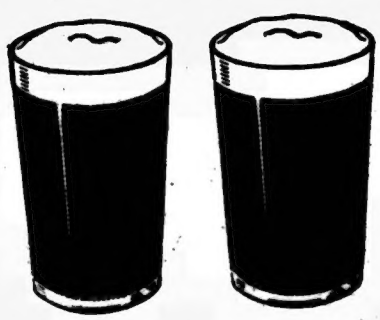
JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE



but

there's nothing like a Guinness



except another Guinness

G.E.939.A

BARRIE

GARAGES FREE 5% deposit
GARDEN SHEDS FROM 2/6 DOWN
DELIVERY FREE ENGLAND & WALES, RAIL OR LORRY
ROBERT BARRIE & CO. MANCHESTER 2

RETAILERS!

Increase your Sales by this *Proved* Method.

Local trade is limited, so why not sell your goods direct to the public by post—the modern method of trading? Whether your business is large or small, an advertisement in "John Bull's" 'Shop Window' will enable you to reach out for trade on a national scale—reach millions of prospective buyers everywhere. Why not make "John Bull" your salesman?

For particulars and rates, write on business letterheading to—

The Manager, Ideas & Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," Room 29, 57/59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

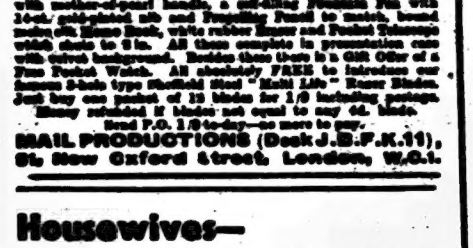
What a Gift Offer! Think of it—a double-bladed Pocket Knife with mother-of-pearl handle, a self-filling Fountain Pen with 14-ct. gold-plated nib and Propelling Pencil to match, bound under gilt Stamp Book, white rubber Eraser and Pocket Telescope which draws to 9 ins. All these complete in presentation case with velvet background. Besides these there is a Gift Offer of a Free Pocket Watch. All absolutely FREE! In introducing our famous 5-blade type Sheffield Steel "Multi-Life" Razor Blades. Just buy one packet of 12 blades for 1/6 including postage. Money refunded if blades not equal to any 4d. blade.

Send P.O. 1/6 to-day—no more to pay.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.F.K.11), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Housewives—
Get this FREE BOOKLET
"A Little Bird Told Me"!
Containing Many Helpful Suggestions

WOMEN readers are offered the opportunity of securing a free useful and interesting little booklet entitled "A Little Bird Told Me." It is offered free by the makers of the famous Robin Starch and tells you how easy and economical starching can be. Simply fill in the coupon on page 25, or, if you prefer, write, mentioning "John Bull," to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Dept. 608, Hull. Accept this free offer now, while you think of it.



Brighten your FRONT PORCH

Keep your Red Tiles a lovely rich red colour by using Cardinal Polish. Also excellent for Red Composition Floors, Stone and Cement Paths, Brick, etc. Waterproof, and will not wash off in rain. Also in Green, Cream, White, Buff, and Transparent. Of all Dealers.

CARDINAL POLISH FOR RED TILES

Made by Makers of Mansion Polish. CP/AK/3

A HOME PORTABLE TYPEWRITER
FOR ONLY 10/- DOWN
and 20 monthly payments of 10/-.

WRITE FOR FREE PARTICS.

A Remington Home Portable Typewriter can be yours today for an easy system of small monthly payments. Think what a boon this finest of Home Portable typewriters can be! Get full particulars of the unique offer announced on page 24 by filling in and posting the Coupon, or write, mentioning "John Bull," to Remington Typewriter Co., Ltd., 100, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3.

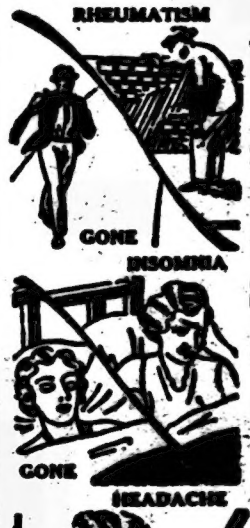
GREAT BANKRUPT PURCHASE
Ladies FLORAL Dresses

Here is a marvellous opportunity of securing a really well made garment at a price that, normally, would not buy the trimmings. Linen material of various colours of floral design with white linen collar. Waisted and Flared. Fully cut. Detachable belt with black bone buckle and buttons. Box-pleated front and back. Fancy shoulders and cuffs to match collar. Colours guaranteed fast. Size W. An exceptionally smart garment, 3 dresses for 4/9, post and packing 6d., or 6 for 9/9 including postage. Send immediately and secure your Summer wear at a price below the imagination of even the greatest of Bargain Hunters.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.L.D.I.), 91, NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.1

3 for 4/9

Relief from Pain



within 3 minutes

After the First Dose
Sustained increasing benefit after every further dose

RENIPAS
THE 3 MINUTE REMEDY
Pronounced REN-E-PAR
CELEBRATED POWDER

Acts like a Miracle in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia and all Kindred Troubles. Headache, Toothache, Earache, and other pains vanish as if by magic.

INSOMNIA! One powder gives a full night's refreshing sleep, even though this has not been enjoyed for years.

RENIPAS is the result of seven years' scientific research by a fully qualified Doctor (M.D.), who states it

CONTAINS NO INJURIOUS DRUGS, POISON OR ANY OTHER NARCOTIC, AND

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART.

Renipas is NOT a One Drug Remedy: it is compounded of several ingredients, solid and liquid, the formula being in accordance with approved medical and scientific principles. It is similar to a physician's costly prescription, plus the chemist's charge every time made up. For over a quarter century many thousands of people have testified to the relief afforded by this wonderful remedy.

Discovered by a Doctor, Prescribed by Doctors, Used by Doctors.

Renipas is supplied to Doctors, Nurses, Hospitals, Institutions, etc.
6 Powders, 1/3
9d., 3/-, 6d., 11/-.
Order a box to-day from your Chemist and be free from pain.
If any difficulty in obtain, we gladly send post free.

FREE OFFER

Although you may consider your case hopeless, yet RENIPAS (Ren-e-par) will not fail. Send two stamps for a FREE PACKAGE of RENIPAS POWDERS, each of which will perform a miracle for you.

Please print name and address in block letters.

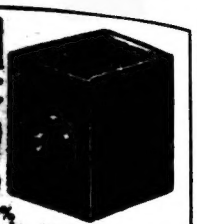
International Chemical Research Assn. Ltd. (Lab. 17), 69, Fleet Street, London.

BANKRUPT STOCK
OFFER OF GENUINE 12½ VARSITY GREY
FLANNEL TROUSERS

Here is your opportunity to purchase a pair of new season's genuine "Varsity Semi-Oxford" medium and light grey trousers at the incredible price of only 2/11. Amazing value, these trousers are finely cut and tailored, with strong pockets and linings. Built-in belt loops. A perfectly hanging garment. Fully guaranteed. Simply send 2/11 plus 9d. for post and packing, stating inside leg and waist measurements. Money back if dissatisfied.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.F.T.2), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

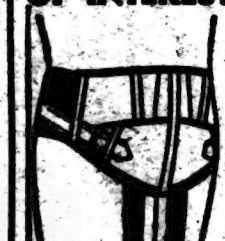
THE CAMERA IS YOURS— ABSOLUTELY FREE!



To popularise our famous 100% Sheffield "Multi-Life" 5-blade type double-edged razor blades we are giving absolutely FREE with every order for 12 blades for 1/6 post free, this Box Camera with good lens, accurate view-finder, 1/25th time and instantaneous shutter, leatherette finish. Daylight loading. Also film and instructions. Money back if blades are not equal to any 4d. blade obtainable. Send P.O. 1/6 only (stamps not accepted) for blades and FREE Camera and film. Nothing more to pay. Extra films 3d. per carton.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. F.C.J.B.8), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN



PRICES FROM 21/-

Sufferers from abdominal trouble should write to me for my Free Illustrated Surgical Belt Price List showing designs to suit various cases such as Prolapsus, Dropped Abdomen, after Operation there, etc. ALL MY BELTS ARE MADE TO INDIVIDUAL MEASUREMENTS. I have given relief and pleasure to many women who have been so worn out and listless that life was a burden to them. You have my 15 YEARS' EXPERIENCE AT YOUR SERVICE. Personal consultations and fittings by appointment.

MRS. BARTON, Surgical Belt Specialist, (Dept. B), 121, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2
Cut this out for future reference.

I'll show you how to Stop Smoking

FREE TREATISE WORTH POUNDS

Thousands of confirmed, ordinary, unaided inveterate cigarette fans, quite as much men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment. Why not you? Let me show you how. A grateful man writes: "Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your treatment the best investment I ever made." If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit, write to-day for the Famous Treatise, "Tobacco Mastery and the Way Out," which has caused so much comment. Sent free and without obligation. A gift that may save you pounds, so write to-day.

THE STANLEY INSTITUTE Ltd. (Dept. B.B.15), 32, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4

£35 in Cash Prizes FREE!
For Best Last Line to Limerick on page 33.

THE proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE offer a first prize of £15 Cash and numerous other cash prizes for the best last line to Limerick in their announcement on page 33. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, Friday, June 17th, 1938. You may send in as many entries as you like provided you comply with the rules. Address your entries: Competition (Dept. 12), Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge, Wilts.

SALE OF GENUINE SWISS MADE CHROMIUM CASED OFFICERS' WRISTLET (LEVER MOVEMENT)

STOP-WATCHES

Originally sold by us for 15/- each. NOW ONLY

4/9

Post and Packing 6d.

ACCURATE READINGS TO ONE-FIFTH SECOND.

Without doubt the finest watch value obtainable to-day.

NEW MODEL. Accurate Timekeepers. Fully guaranteed. Luminous Dials (24 hrs.). Officers' Adjustable Solid Leather Straps only 2/- extra. Officers' Adjustable Chrome Straps 2/- extra. Satisfaction guaranteed or money instantly refunded.

MARINE & OVERSEAS SERVICES Ltd. (Dept. 33), 16, Silver Street, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

YOU CAN TRY IT

FREE!

Something NEW—DIFFERENT

POCKET GREYHOUND RACE GAME

ALL readers of "John Bull" should welcome this splendid opportunity to obtain this pocket Greyhound Race Game, which will be sent to you free by the makers of Beehive's Dog Mixture. It is different from anything you have seen—thrilling as well. Only three games can be obtained by any reader of "John Bull."

If you would like a pocket Greyhound Race Game write at once, mentioning "John Bull," to Beehive's Dog Mixture Co. (Dept. J.B., 2), Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1. Hurry! Before it is too late. Game is only a limited number available.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- extra, we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Presidential" Reversible REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., hand-somely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, Brown, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a hand-some rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 Carpets, 2 Rugs, and 2 Doormats for 30/-, Carr. Paid. Cash or C.O.D. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

9/-

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

Portable BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED!

2/- DOWN

WONDERFUL NEW EVERLASTING WOOD

Write at once for Free Catalogue of these amazing buildings Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses etc., in beautiful Red Cedar, the everlasting wood which will not decay, warp or shrink. Needs no painting or preservative! Prices from £7/5. All Easy Terms. Free Delivery—all sizes. Send NOW to The Cedar Specialists

R. H. HALL & Co. (Kent), Ltd. (62T), Paddock Wood, KENT

5,000 CHILDREN'S LINEN FABRIC TWO-PIECE SUITS 3 for 2/9

Here is a great chance of obtaining 3 boy's suits at less than the price of one. Smartly cut, of contrasting colours of cream and brown, blue and green. Pin check with Peter Pan collar and sleeves to match. Detachable knickers suspended by 2 pearl buttons. Fast colours. Washable. A really smart and hard-wearing garment for youngsters from 2 to 5 years of age. 3 complete suits for 2/9, post 6d. 6 for 5/9 post free. Money back if not really delighted. Send at once to

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.S.S.1), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

MODERN BABY-CLOTHES

A BEAUTIFUL 75 HOME-MADE GARMENT LAYETTE, DESIGNED for MODERN BABIES by a specialist in Baby Clothing. Recommended by doctors and welfare centres. Everything necessary for baby's arrival (Summer or Winter Wear).

ONLY 30/-

WORTH £3 Over 7,000 Testimonials.

SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL Balance Cash or Terms

Mrs. J. B. HOWARD 96, Dover Rd. Portsmouth.

EMB. LAWN or All-Wool DAY FROCKS, CHRIS. ROBE or WOOL SET, WINCEY or LAWN NIGHTIES. Full-Size CHRIS. SHAWL, WOOL VESTS, COSY SUITS, COATS, BOOTEES, OVER-ALLS, PILCHES, BACK FLANNELS, GAUZE or TURK NAPKINS, etc. Young Mother writes: "I was worried about obtaining the right clothes for baby. Your Layette set my mind at rest. It is *beautiful*."

£5 RIDES AWAY TAXED—INSURED

FITTED SPEEDO NO EXTRAS

New 1938 3½ h.p. O.H.V. *Balance Weekly.*

RED PANTHER

CASH £35.0.0

Complete dyno lighting, fully equipped and guaranteed. 2,000 other bargains. Highest exchange for motor-cycle or cycle. All 1938 makes and models on easiest terms. LISTS FREE. Phone: HOLB. 6261.

PRIDE & CLARKE LTD

Dept. J.B., 168, STOCKWELL ROAD, S.W.9

A GENUINE FACTORY CLEARANCE STOCK GENUINE STOUT CORDUROY SHORTS 1/11

This offer comes to the public through compulsory realisation of a factory's complete stock. Made of hard-wearing comfortable velvet corduroy material which will last for years. Double reinforced seats. Two adjustable side straps. One hip and two side pockets. All seams strongly reinforced. Ideal for hiking, angling, sports and many other uses. Real 5/11 value to be cleared at less than the price of material—1/11, post and packing 4d. Send now stating waist measurement to

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.S.1), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

FILMS FREE FOR EVER

We lend your Camera FREE with an ultra-rapid British-made "Gentispool" Film, to advertise the Gentispool Service. NO "CATCH." Send this ad. with name, address and 2d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., and film will be sent by return. 127/620 SIZES ONLY: 2½ x 2½, 4d; 2½ x 3½, 3 x 2 or 2½ x 4 films, 6d. to fit KODAK 620 Cameras.

GRATISPOOL CO. (Dept. J.B.S.), 207, William Street, Glasgow, C.2.

Positively the Greatest Bargain ever offered to the DEAF

"Size of a Sixpence Earphone" (no battery) offered this week for 25/-. Previously sold at £7-7-0. The greatest little deaf-aid ever designed. No Batteries—No Wires—No Other Parts—No Renewals — Absolutely Invisible. Amazing Power. Never before has such a bargain been offered to the Deaf.

This Week 25/- only *Previously £7-7-0*

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now, D. & J. HIS, Ltd., New Model Dept., 245, Oxford St., London, W.1 (over Oxford Circus Tube Stn.). (Hours 10 to 6.) *Also at 431, Chester Road, Manchester. (Hours 9 to 5.) Supplied under National Health Benefit.*

STORE SHED 3/8 MONTHLY — Sizes 6 ft.

L.	W.	H.	Cash	Mthly.
6	4	6½	£5	3/6
7	4	6½	£5 10	3/6
10	7	6½	£8 15	7/10
12	8	7	£9 10	10/6

Felt Included. Floor extra. Sent CARRIAGE PAID.

SUTCLIFFES

SEND for BIG FREE 100-PAGE CATALOGUE!

GARAGE R.V.

L.W.H.	Cash	Mthly.
11 7 7½	£5 17 6	10/10
13 7 7½	£6 15 0	12/6
14 8 8	£8 2 6	14/11
16 8 8½	£9 0 0	17/6

Sent Carriage Paid.

F. & E. SUTCLIFFE, Ltd., 24, Wood Top, HEBDEN BRIDGE. *London Showrooms 40-42 Oxford St.*

GIVE YOURSELF *a beautiful* PERMANENT WAVE *like this!*

..AT HOME ..OVERNIGHT

FOR ONLY **5/-** POST FREE

In your own home and in one night only, transform your hair with a Permanent Wave to your own particular style, as perfect and lasting as one for which you would have to pay four to eight times as much at the Hairdresser's. "Home Perm" is equally efficient with all types and colours of hair; even dyed, grey or bleached hair responds perfectly to its action. It brings the perfect perm within the reach of every woman and girl.

NO HEAT—NO MACHINES—

NO ELECTRICITY—NO DANGER

The "Home Perm" Waving Set does not involve any heat or electrical treatment (is completely safe and is also admirably suitable for children's hair). It perms your hair whilst you sleep, thus no time is lost and your normal duties and pleasures are not interrupted.

The outfit contains everything you need for permanently waving the complete head of hair and eight settings. The simple directions can be easily followed by everyone. There is nothing else to buy or provide!

Resolve to give your hair that glorious waviness and lustre which all men admire and all women envy; you will look and feel a different person with a coiffure comparable to the most exclusive machine-made perm at a fraction of the cost.

Unaffected by wind, rain or any other weather conditions. Order yours to-day. Complete outfit with full instructions, 5/-. Thousands already in use.

SEND YOUR ORDER WITH POSTAL ORDER FOR 5/- TO "HOME PERM" CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 246, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.I.

HOME PERM

A REVOLUTION IN WATCH-DESIGN — A REVOLUTION IN PRICE!

SOLID GOLD WRIST WATCH for **2/6**

7 DAYS HOME APPROVAL on all TRU-TIME PRECISION WATCHES. For only 2/6 down you can become the owner of a World renowned Solid Gold Tru-Time Wrist Watch fitted with 15 Rubies and built to a new and unique specification. Automatic temperature adjustment, shock proof and non-magnetic, every watch is guaranteed for accuracy 10 years. Cases are Hall marked Solid Gold, made on a new dust and damp proof principle. Simply send 2/6 deposit and 4 monthly pay balance 2/6 thoroughly tested reduced price of 20/- to send or send P.C. for Catalogue.

EASY TERMS

"Tru-time" SUPER PRECISION GOLD WATCHES RENOWNED THE WORLD OVER

D. CUTHBERTSON, 41, ELY HOUSE, CHARTERHOUSE STREET, LONDON, E.C.1.

360 ONLY LADIES' TWO-PIECE COSTUMES 3/11

A genuine bargain in perfectly tailored garments to fit ladies of S.W., W., & W.X. sizes. Outsize 1/6 extra. Strong linen fabric material in latest shades of Pink, Beige, Green and Lemon. Box pleats pockets, Yoke back with centre pleat. Fabric covered buttons. Tailored revers and collar. White bone buckle on belt. Fashionable inverted pleated skirt. A smart costume for all occasions. Clearance price for complete suit 3/11, post and packing 7d. Money back if not satisfied. Send P.O. 4/6 at once to

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.L.S.1), 91, NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.1

NAIL BITING

stop it!

NEW NAILS! NEXT WEEK!

Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, quickly and permanently free yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: *"Your treatment is miraculous. I am completely cured after being addicted for 20 years."* Scores of similar genuine testimonials from all over the world. Write for free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

FILTEX LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8

JEROME SPOOLS

FOR HOLIDAY SNAPS

CUT PHOTOGRAPHIC COSTS IN HALF

In five popular sizes. Developed free. 8 Postcard Prints (6½ x 4½) 1/6. No charge for failures. Send P.O. crossed "& Co." and 2d. stamp for return postage. Write name and address in block capitals.

6d. 8 EXP.

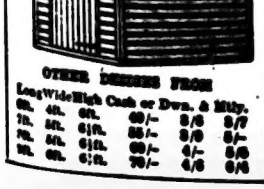
JEROME LTD., Bovay Place, Holloway, N.7, and Branches

GREAT BANKRUPT STOCK 3 for 1/9 FROCK OFFER

An unprecedented, unrepeatable offer. Complete factory stock of DAINTY CHILDREN'S WEAR BOUGHT OUTRIGHT. These frocks are BEAUTIFULLY MADE of attractive printed material, in Blue and White, Red and White, Blue and Red, with embroidered white linen, Peter Pan and Tie collars. Pleated skirt. Piped puffed sleeves. Fully waisted. Pearl buttons. Ideal summer wear. Fast colours. Washable. Sizes: 16, 18, 21, 24 to fit children 2 to 8. To be disposed of at fantastic price of 3 for 1/9 post 6d., or 6 for 3/9 post free. No more to pay. Money returned if dissatisfied. Send at once to

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.F.O.3), 91, New Oxford Street London, W.C.1.

THORNS Garden Sheds



Fully Guaranteed. Cash or Terms. Easily erected. Delivered Free or Carr. Pd. Eng. & Wales.

Farm Boot No. 93 from **J. THORN & SONS, LTD., Box 93, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.**

OTHER DESIGNS FROM

Long	Wide	High	Cash or Deps.	Mthly.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	49/-	5/6
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	55/-	6/6
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	69/-	6/-
10ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	75/-	6/6

Designs 2/-

GREAT SURPLUS OFFER *VERY SPECIAL PURCHASE*

NAVAL COAST GUARD 5/9

Ideal for all purposes—marine, field, sports & every occasion where perfect vision is necessary. The lenses give clear vision and good magnification. Smooth action centre-screw focusing. Sent complete in neat case with shoulder strap. Limited number only at this low price of 5/9, post and packing 9d. No more to pay. Send P.O. 6/6 now to:—

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.O.1), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

A GUINEA DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

Write for Free Lists NOW

CYCLES FROM 65/- CASH OR TERMS

THAT'S MY OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1938 Models at lower prices and terms than agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd., Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

SENSATIONAL ARRIVAL!

a Chromatic **MOUTH-ORGAN for 4/6**

A real Professional model for half usual price. The instrument famous Music Hall artistes use in their high-salaried acts. Don't wait for fortune—go to it. Here may open a new career for you. A little practice makes a player—more makes a professional. Take this gorgeous little pocket orchestra seriously and break into Radio! It's up to you! We can supply the means. What's 4/6, anyway? Send P.O. to-day, with 3d. for postage. (State whether Key C or G preferred.)

DINWIDDIE & CO., 87, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

Always Best with Cold cuts..

IT'S as easy as A.B.C. to remember that Bulmer's Cider is always best with cold cuts. Out-of-doors Bulmer's tastes especially good. It has that tang that goes so well with picnic fare. So try a flagon of Bulmer's 'Dry' Cider or 'Woodpecker' (medium sweet) with your next snack or outdoor meal.

Apples Bulmer's Cider

2½ lbs of Apples to every flagon— 10½d

(In England & Wales only, 2/- in Scotland.)

H. P. Bulmer & Co. Ltd., Hereford. The Largest Cider Makers in the World.

STRAIGHT FROM T

They'l Young Banish

WELCOME Whitsun! When Spring blo Summer. When the its firstfruits.

From the far past a seas ing. Christianity's third g In medieval times, the y ale-festival.

In modern days, a glorio of summer holidays to com

Rain, Rain, Go Awa

To Britons, Whitsun is festival in a fickle clime. sometimes steal a daring Summer; sometimes snow. bake or drown us.

Whitsun has her moods extremes. Now warmer, But rarely wet.

For the past ten yea favoured sunny days and England's climate at its bes could be better?

Down Tools!

Last year a bad patch: Whitsun for twenty-nine this year's prospects: goo tools. On with holiday clo fun begin!

On the Move

Whitsun for sea and co Two thousand extra trains from big cities. Ou in duplicate and triplicate Days and half-days by to 15s. a time. Cheap tri The whole of London's pressed into service: 6,0 coaches; 2,700 trams and underground cars. 'The cent. facilities in other bi

Shank's Pony

Millions taking their t them. Nearly 2,000,00 3,000,000 cyclists. Millio using their feet: hikers, r afternoon strollers.

Many carting their own their lodging, too. Picknic caravanners. Thousands, to sleep on the beach.

Vanquish the Vanda

Praise the new zest health. Praise the new and change. Praise the vention and organisation this great week-end exod

But condemn the vands those who trail litter up dale, who carve their nam monuments, who leave g cattle to stray, who s fires.

Safeguard Beauty

Condemn, too, the big speculators and jerry-bu who mar our coastline, landscape. Those who and profit from ugliness.

Their crime is worse tated. You may throw bag carelessly. But yo mindedly build bungalow

JOHN BULL

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.
THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1938.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

They'll be working while you play
Young lives squandered on roads
Banish these beauty vandals

WELCOME Whitsun!
When Spring blossoms into Summer. When the Earth yields its firstfruits.

From the far past a season of rejoicing. Christianity's third great feast.

In medieval times, the year's biggest ale-festival.

In modern days, a glorious foretaste of summer holidays to come.

Rain, Rain, Go Away

To Britons, Whitsun is a faithful festival in a fickle clime. Easter may sometimes steal a daring march on Summer; sometimes show. August may bake or drown us.

Whitsun has her moods, but avoids extremes. Now warmer, now colder. But rarely wet.

For the past ten years she has favoured sunny days and cool evenings. England's climate at its best. And what could be better?

Down Tools!

Last year a bad patch: the coldest Whitsun for twenty-nine years. But this year's prospects: good. So down tools. On with holiday clothes. Let the fun begin!

On the Move

Whitsun for sea and country!

Two thousand extra long-distance trains from big cities. Ordinary trains in duplicate and triplicate.

Days and half-days by the sea at 5s. to 15s. a time. Cheap trips by road.

The whole of London's traffic fleet pressed into service: 6,000 buses and coaches; 2,700 trams and trolleys, 3,000 underground cars. The same 100 per cent. facilities in other big towns.

Shank's Pony

Millions taking their transport with them. Nearly 2,000,000 motorists; 8,000,000 cyclists. Millions more just using their feet: hikers, ramblers, mere afternoon strollers.

Many carting their own food; others their lodging, too. Picknickers, campers, caravanners. Thousands, perhaps, due to sleep on the beach.

Vanquish the Vandals

Praise the new zest for sun and health. Praise the new zeal for travel and change. Praise the miracles of invention and organisation which makes this great week-end exodus possible.

But condemn the vandals! Condemn those who trail litter up hill and down dale, who carve their names on ancient monuments, who leave gates open for cattle to stray, who start woodland fires.

Safeguard Beauty

Condemn, too, the big vandals. Land speculators and jerry-builders. Those who mar our coastline, and mar the landscape. Those who corner beauty, and profit from ugliness.

Their crime is worse: it's premeditated. You may throw down a paper-bag carelessly. But you don't absent-mindedly build bungalows.

We already restrict ribbon development along roads. Control the coastlines, too. Safeguard our beauty spots!

After the Battle

Whitsun for Sport!

Sport for those who play as well as those who watch.

Cricket on village greens. Tennis in public parks.

No Whitsun in Scotland, but there every week-end's an excuse for golf.

No rest so sweet, no drink so refreshing, as that which follows a hard-fought game, the voluntary exercise of one's own limbs!

Play, Don't Watch

Enjoy these youthful luxuries while you can. Don't be a looker-on until you must. Then relish the game more because you once played it yourself.

But remember the thousands of town youths with nowhere to play.

Spare a thought for the youngsters whose wicket is a lamp-post, whose pitch the tarmac.

Help the more-playing-fields movements!

Roll Up Your Sleeves

Whitsun in the garden!

A treacherous Spring this for sons of the soil. Drought and late frosts the worst in living memory.

But nothing daunts the true gardener. He just rolls up his sleeves, clenches his teeth, and begins again!

To Sow and to Reap

Your vegetables damaged by frost? Re-sow them. Roses damaged, too? Keep the dutch hoe busy to encourage new growth.

Greenfly attacking your climbing roses? Steal out at twilight, and spray hard with insecticide.

Here, says our expert, are quick-growing annuals that can still be sown: nasturtiums, night-scented stock, candytuft, annual chrysanthemums, fragrant mignonette.

Even to lay ears, the mere names are music!

Shrinking Allotments

Gardening satisfies a deep-seated instinct.

For thousands of townsmen and suburbanites, their one contact with the soil, their one chance to create beauty with their own hands.

Too great a tendency these days to confuse luxury with happiness.

Every gardener knows better than that.

Yet Britons are fast being rehoused in flats. No chance to garden for them.

The more shame that allotment space is allowed steadily to shrink, as A. G. Gardiner trenchantly observes on page 11.

Schools Break Up

Whitsun for children!

Five million elementary school pupils breaking up for a glorious holiday, a whole week for some, a few days for others.

Education's object is to fit us for life. So speaks theory.

Yet who enjoy life more spontaneously than children? Who more resourceful in building happiness out of unpromising material?

Save These Lives

The more poignant that annually more than a thousand youngsters are slaughtered. Killed on the roads.

Reform our out-of-date highway system, yes. Provide more recreation grounds, gardens, play-streets.

But, meanwhile, use care.

If you're awheel this week-end, remember those young lives recklessly cut off. Think of the thousand annual tragedies in homes that were as happy as yours.

No Play for Them

For more than a few, Whitsun at work!

Seventy-five thousand transport men in London alone. Thousands more on road and rail all over the land. Armies of catering staffs, of amusement attendants.

Don't Make Work

For many of these toilers, extra pay or time off later. And, where not, there ought to be.

But a postponed holiday's not quite the same.

Half the joy of a day off is enjoying it with friends or family.

Remember this, those who clamour at other times for the opening of this or that on Sundays.

More Sunday play, yes. But don't make more Sunday work than you must.

Show This Spirit

Only foreign trouble can ruffle Whitsun's political calm.

Dictators have worked up a technique of being bold at week-ends, of catching the democracies when they're out of town.

But don't do it this week, Signor Mussolini.

If you must be troublesome, wait till Tuesday!

Hold it, Hitler!

At the first Whitsuntide, twelve apostles were endowed with the gift of tongues, that they might preach the Gospel to all men.

A gospel of good will.

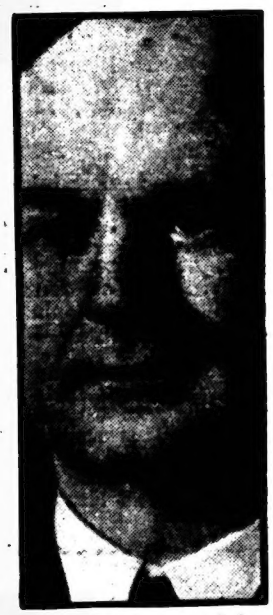
Show some of that spirit, Herr Hitler.

Give the worried world a break!

£600,000 White Elephant

LOOK out for July report from Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons.

There will be a Royal Navy turmoil when it is published. Because the Admiralty is in the dock.



Parliament's watchdog, Mr. Morgan Jones, M.P., will get his teeth into this scandal!

Indictment concerns H.M.S. *Caledonia*—ex-White Star luxury liner *Majestic*—now a boys' training establishment tied up against the dockside at Rosyth.

The Admiralty needed additional training facilities in Scotland.

So the *Majestic* was bought from a shipbreaking yard. Payment was an exchange of equivalent tonnage of old Navy vessels.

In this barter the Admiralty overlooked the rising price of scrap-iron, and as a result lost a packet of the taxpayers' money.

The contract for converting *Majestic* to training requirements was £326,467, but by July last year the actual cost of changing over the ship was no less than £468,000!

This included £186,000 for machinery, although the renamed *Caledonia* is never again to sail the seas!

Since then a lot more money has been spent on the ship, the most wasteful in the Navy.

Total cost—nearly £600,000. All because the Admiralty tried to economise.

Now, after all, a training establishment has to be built ashore at a cost of £250,000.

Petition from taxpayers to the Board of Admiralty: Please do not try to economise in future!

We wait to hear what the Public Accounts Committee, under its chairman, Mr. Morgan Jones, M.P., says about this financial recklessness.

Voice of the People

We want to know . . . !
What you are thinking about.
Interesting things you've seen.
Interesting things you've done.
So write to the "Voice of the People," 98, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.
And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you.

Sir Wyndham Childs .. Page 13
True Story ..... Page 26
Human Documents .... Page 28
Greatest of These— .. Page 37

ALL over Britain local authorities are showing a burning zeal—and rightly—to condemn and close slum property.

Unfortunately they are not so burningly anxious to pull down the old property, and these perilous shanties become happy hunting grounds for children.

As a man who travels England and Scotland extensively, whose work lies with local authorities, and who knows for a fact that children are being injured every day, I say: Down with these death-traps!—B. J., Liverpool.

Our files show that many condemned houses have been allowed to disappear brick by brick. Many are a bigger danger unoccupied than occupied.

Easy for Forgers

Why doesn't the Post Office realise how stupid it is to ask P.O. Savings Bank depositors to place their signatures in their bank books?

A forger finding or stealing such a book has got everything he wants to know—what signature he has to copy, and how much he can draw out.—R. SAIT, 16, Woodgrange Gardens, North Finchley, N.12.

If loss of P.O. Bank Book is notified immediately, a forger can't hope to get away with more than three pounds. Without signature in the book many of the advantages of such an account—ability to withdraw at any post office, travel cheques, etc.—would be lost.

Pay for Service

Councillors of the City of Nottingham have voted themselves free 'bus rides to Council and other meetings.

Such an act is very disquieting in face of the increase of our local rates by 1s. 4d. Furthermore, it is a blow to the confidence of ratepayers as to the handling of the City's finances.—E. W. P., Redland Grove, Carlton, Nottingham.

We don't agree with this letter. Many a fine fellow has had to give up public life because he can't afford it. "John Bull" believes it should be possible for the lowest-paid worker to become mayor of his town provided that he would be a good mayor.

Peace, Perfect Peace

Great news, fellow readers! I've written to Skegness for a week's digs—the first week's holiday I've ever known.

The pit will be closed. The din will be silenced. A week away from the dust and grime, lying in a deck-chair.

And it's paid for. Every married miner in Derbyshire will receive three pounds on the day his colliery closes for a week.—P. R. Foster, 37, Wright Street, Codnor, Derbyshire.

Such a letter makes us more determined than ever to fight for holidays with pay all round.

"Temporary" Jobs

Forty years a "temporary"—always "temporary"—postman, my father has been told that his services are no longer required.

After prolonged illness he has been cut off without pension or a penny-piece of reward for long "temporary" service to the public.—R. Brown, 6, Well Park, Stromness.

Union of Post Office Workers is staggered by length of this "temporary" service. Where temporary work persists, they always ask Post Office to make it permanent. Post Office usually does.

Will reader get in touch with them? They will do their best for him.

Tell Us, Mister

Surely it is just snobbery that makes authors put the word "Mister" in the mouths of working-class characters.

How else can you pronounce "Mr."?—D. Walls, 34, St. Matthew's Road, S.W.2.

Comment of a publisher's reader: "But it isn't used as a class distinction. Working-class people, as such, don't enter into it. Only uneducated people say: 'Look here, mister.'"

If Not, Why Not?

Here's craziness! Sailors' wives, of whom I am one, have to answer questions on an identification form on which appear:

(1) Do you make your home with your husband whenever possible? If not, why not?

(2) Do you know of any reason why your marriage allowance should be stopped?—Puzzled, Portsmouth.

Admiralty says it asks: (1) To find out whether wife avoids living with husband, and (2) to ascertain whether husband is refusing to live with wife. In both cases marriage allowance stops, but regarding second question the wife then has a civil cause of action.

Forgotten Women

My husband was an employer in a small way.

He saved to give me security, but every penny went in fighting the [illegible] illness from which he died.

Left with two children, I [illegible] managed to lift myself to a position in which I don't need help.

But it makes me wonder: What if I did need it?

I couldn't get it as a widow. I wouldn't get it as a spinster, if spinsters' pensions came about.

In fact, there's no help for people who aren't fish, fowl nor good red herring.—Mrs. G. MEDCALF, 121, Seymour Road, Romford, Essex.

It is an unfortunate truth that the State studies group needs and not individual needs.

Tyrant Tunics

Stop the school uniform craze in elementary schools.

My youngster has just been drummed out of the Country Dancing Class because she wasn't in Country Dance dress but the prescribed "gym" dress instead—this because I thought it more suited to the cold weather.

But children whose parents can't afford *any* school uniforms go to these schools. Why should they be driven into a mental condition of inferiority by poverty?—Mrs. W. Philpott, 62, Markfield Road, Caterham Valley, Surrey.

Board of Education has suggested a hygienic gym. dress for elementary schools, but has never suggested it should be compulsory. Some local authorities would ruin working parents with these demands, which they know they can't enforce.

What Does Your Child Cost?

WHAT does it cost to keep a child?

Sixty pounds a year, say the income tax people. They assume, of course, that income taxpayers are going to feed, house and clothe their children properly.

Nobody can grumble with that estimate.

Less than ten pounds a year, say the public assistance authorities.

And that is based on the assumption that the children will be starved of proper food, denied the milk essential to their growth, and dressed in rags.

How else can they be kept on that small sum—except at rickets level?—D. M., Epsom.

EVERY day men desert children.

Those children become chargeable to the authorities. The police hunt for those men, wanting to get either their carcases or the amount they owe for the upkeep of their children.

It then transpires that local authorities find they can't keep abandoned children at less than from a pound to thirty shillings a week.

But let a father ask those same authorities for money to enable him to keep a child. There'd be no question of him running away then. He'd be chased out of the town!—M. D., Leicester.

I LEARN that Nottingham Joint Watch Committee assess the upkeep of a police dog at 3s. 6d. a week.

Yet the upkeep of a *child* is assessed under our national unemployment scheme at three shillings a week!—FREDERICK MEPSTEAD, 13, Whitworth Road, Ilkeston.

RECENTLY I had to go to hospital to rest my nerves. With a convalescent period, I was in hospital altogether for four weeks.

With me, throughout, was my five-weeks-old baby. He was fed naturally throughout, and I had sole charge of him. I even washed his clothes.

He couldn't have cost a penny piece. Yet in respect of that little baby's keep for four weeks I have received a bill for £7. This despite the fact that my husband is a voluntary contributor!—Mrs. D. A. BAKER, 6, Moy Grove, King's Heath, Birmingham.

Slave

Having no job, no relatives to care for him, an old man I know went into a public assistance institution.

He has got a job now. He stokes the boiler house fires from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wages: Nil. Time off: Why, he's only allowed out one day a month.—P. J. BUTLER, Main Street, Bodicote, Banbury, Oxfordshire.

Public assistance authorities exist to ameliorate poverty. That they often create it by giving what should be well-paid jobs to people who get nothing but their keep is made clear in many letters similar to the above that have reached us.

Court "Dictators"

Not in reference to the local court, but regarding some courts I have looked in upon as a spectator, I would like to

ask: Why are magistrates' clerks allowed to set themselves up as dictators?

I have known them tell magistrates when to retire and when to file back, and even fix the sentence of the court.—R. H. JOHNSON, 37, Cumberland Road, Swindon.

Open to criticism, admittedly: But how necessary where magistrates haven't the least idea what sentences they are permitted to pass. We favour the stipendiary system: believe many clerks of court would make excellent stipendiaries.

Puzzler for Postmen

No wonder postmen are so often late with the morning letters. Letter-boxes are stuffed up with the morning papers, and the poor postman has to knock and wait.

How he prays that door-makers will give us bigger letter-boxes.—E. W., Buckingham Road, Stretford, Manchester.

Newspapers have doubled in size since pre-war days, and according to newsagents, can just be squeezed into, but not through, the letter-box aperture. Remedy seems to be with manufacturers of door fittings.

Banning Beggars

Are we so very poor in comparison with Sweden and Denmark?

On a recent visit I didn't see a single kerbside beggar or street singer in either country. London, at first sight, seemed to have an Eastern profusion of beggars by contrast.—RONALD BROWN, 6, Ashchurch Grove, Shepherd's Bush, W.12.

Swedish Legation says Sweden has much the same laws against begging as our own, confirms that—like street musicians, who must be licensed—beggars are rarely seen.

Illegal door-to-door begging, however, is a nuisance. Conditions are similar in Denmark.

As to the poverty question, Swedish spokesman asked pertinently: "But is begging necessarily a reflection of poverty?"

Drought, Flood and Disease—they are the evil trinity which menace Britain because of the muddle and bungling in the control of our water supplies. "John Bull" demands action to fight—

THE TYRANNY OF H2O

When Mr. Lloyd George wanted more water for his e tate at Churt, he called in a water diviner. Here you see the water gushing from the artesian well which will give an unlimited supply.

BOIL WATER?
SAVE WATER!

BY a chain of scarlet posters these injunctions were broadcast throughout Britain last week.

In hundreds of places the display of the warnings was grim mockery. Their inhabitants have no water to boil, far less to save.

The Whitehall genius who designed the flaming bills may have not been aware that his twin exhortation is testimony to the official lunacy which causes great sections of the population to be deprived periodically of their most important need.

And, even when water is available, they are liable to death or sickness because the supply is tainted.

☆ **First penalty of the drought, apart from the misery it has brought to countless homes, has been a demand by the dairy farmers for higher milk prices to meet their losses.**

Next will be an inevitable shortage in the harvests and a rise in the cost of living.

There is alarm in the State and municipal medical services. Epidemics of dysentery and kindred ailments are breaking out across the country.

Typhoid fever, paratyphoid, gastro-enteritis and tonsilitis are being reported with alarming frequency in the weekly bulletins of local health officers.

All because people cannot get water, or are being driven to obtain it from contaminated and infected sources.

Flood . . . drought . . . pollution. It is no longer an open question whether the Government ought or ought not to deal with this trinity of evils.

But whatever action it takes is timid, spasmodic and ineffectual.

Great stretches of the rivers and streams from which water is drawn freely for domestic use continue to be noisome ditches filled with dangerous bacteria.

Last winter there lay over Britain in one day more flood-water than would provide for the needs of a score of big towns for two months this summer.

Even in a dry period there is enough pure water in this country, easy to tap, to supply every home with three times its normal requirements all the year round.

Yet to-day immense tracts of the country are thirsting.

Wells have given out. People have to resort to ditches or have to buy water for themselves and their animals from distant places.

Hundreds of areas have been put under severe rationing schemes. Supplies have to be brought to them by tankers twice a week over long distances.

In some places, JOHN BULL readers report, people have been collecting dew from their roofs to make their morning tea.

Towns are "lending" water to each other.

Even in large centres reservoirs are so low that small fish, animals and insects, sensing the possibility of being stranded, are going out with the remaining water as it is drawn off.

Householders are finding that their tap supplies not only have an unpleasant taste, but are producing tadpoles, frogs and even worms.

So inadequately organised is the water distribution service that, when protests are made to the authorities about this kind of thing, they plead that they have no alternative reservoirs and that, if the existing containers were emptied for cleaning, the districts affected would be deprived of water altogether for about a week!

Drought, flood and pollution are not different problems, but one problem. It is treated in this

Without Fear or Favour

country as if it represented a thousand distinct and separate puzzles.

Quite cheerfully the Government still allows the supply of water to be in the hands of 2,000 concerns—many so small that they can ill-afford a few hundred pounds on improvements, even when public health demands them.

Then there are about 1,500 other authorities of one kind and another so jealously preserving their small, local dignities that they are in constant conflict with one another—and with the larger authorities who attempt to give them guidance.

☆ **With this multiplicity of government, most of it hopelessly inexpert, there is more retrogression than progress.**

Problems are dallied with, or persistently ignored, and any suggestion for central control of their functions, or of large-scale co-operation, is met by the rulers of these little kingdoms with outright defiance.

Even when one of them is compelled to bring about a reform, it immediately sets out to make financial profit at the expense of those who are to benefit.

Not only are rates and water service charges increased, but the rateable value of houses and other property in the district is promptly inflated.

Latest example of this is to be found at Laindon, in Essex. Until recently its inhabitants had to fill their baths from kettles and saucepans.

Now Laindon has a drainage system and a supply of water of good chemical and bacteriological quality for domestic and agricultural purposes.

Of course, the local people have to pay for it in the ordinary way.

They don't object to that.

But they have good reason to resent the automatic raising of the assessment on each house as it becomes connected to the new supply and drainage system.

For a sum equivalent to one quarter of the cost of the damage and waste caused by flood and drought in one year, Britain could make itself safe against these perils for the next fifty years—as well as guaranteeing the whole population a water supply of absolute purity.

Eight years ago the Labour Government made plans by which the country would be safeguarded *for ever*.

As a beginning, 2,500,000 acres of agricultural land in immediate need of drainage were to be dealt with; forty-eight catchment areas were to be marked out and a competent board set up in each; and complete reorganisation of the water resources and supplies of England and Scotland was to be undertaken.

☆ **The cost would have been £3,000,000 a year for ten years.**

Very little compared with present-day expenditure on other purposes. But too much for the "National" Treasury to sanction.

Even though it would provide work for 100,000 men who, with their families, are being kept in involuntary idleness at an annual cost of £8,000,000 to the unemployment and public assistance funds.

There can, of course, be no really effective solution to the joint problems of drought, flood and pollution until Britain is provided with a national irrigation and water grid system—similar to the electricity supply organisation.

This would feed the country from master reservoirs, so linked to local distribution points that pure and plentiful water would be available wherever and whenever it is needed.

If that is too bold an enterprise for the Government, it should at least have the courage to create separate water departments within the Ministry of Health to exercise pressure on the multitude of existing minor authorities to make proper provision for the citizens they serve.

- **The Nazi Party in this country has been drastically "purged." It is now being reorganised by a Council of Three.**
- **"John Bull" has secured alarming information concerning their plans for commercial spying and propaganda. British subjects are to be offered salaries up to £2,000 a year to assist in the work.**
- **The revelations printed on this page are of immense public importance. It is advisable that the Home Secretary should be acquainted with them.**

Hitler's New BIG THREE In Britain

THWARTED by the success of Scotland Yard's underground war on foreign agents, high officials of the Nazi Party held a secret conference in Berlin a few days ago.

At this meeting, plans were drawn up for a complete reorganisation of spying and propaganda methods in this country.

A Council of Three was appointed to put the plans into effect. They are:—

A senior clerk in a London tourist agency, who was previously in the Nazi propaganda headquarters at Hamburg.

A young officer of the German special police, now an assistant in a London newspaper office.

A Nazi section leader, detached from the Party Office at the Brown House, Munich, for duty in a minor German Government post in London.

Each of these young men has proved his enthusiasm for Nazi ideals.

EACH is skilled in the art of propaganda.

They were selected as Nazi Controllers for Britain because their nominal jobs are unobtrusive, and it was felt that they could operate here without attracting suspicion.

Confidential reports from them will go straight to the Party Headquarters in Munich, and from there will be circulated to German Government departments.

The appointment of the Three was the first step taken at the Berlin conference, which was attended by:—

Two members of the German Embassy staff in London; a German Consular official from the north of England; Dr. Weller, who is a chief assistant in the Nazi propaganda bureau; Herr Heydrich, group leader of the German political police, a German correspondent in London; a colonel of the German Air Force, and the head of the German Naval Intelligence at Wilhelmshaven.

Before plans were hammered out for the Three to follow, it was agreed that the position in Britain was of more importance from the Nazi point of view than that in any other country.

So the looseness of Nazi methods adopted here in the past could not be tolerated any longer.

EVEN purely social events, organised by the Party in this country, had been poorly attended.

"No more of this half-hearted business," it was decided. "Nazis in Britain—whatever their work—must be 100 per cent. Nazi all the time."

First, membership of the Party is to be increased. The objective is at least 60 per cent. of the 30,000 Germans and Austrians resident in Britain.

Every member will be required to attend party meetings regularly, *and to assist the party cause in every possible way.*

Disciplinary action, even to "expulsion from the privileges of membership" and the victimisation it implies, will follow any disregard for orders or sign of failing interest.

In short, Nazis in this country are to do what they are told, and do it efficiently, or be sharply punished.

What are they going to be told to do? Well, the conference dealt also with "Intelligence," which is a polite name for spying.

This subject was divided into three parts—military, economic and political.

IN future, the Conference decided, the collection of military and naval intelligence will be left entirely to the experts employed by the German War Office and Admiralty. There must be no more enthusiastic but clumsy work in this field by ill-chosen Nazi agents.

All they had done in the past was to make the Nazi Party a laughing-stock, and to supply much dangerously misleading information.

Particularly was this so in the South of England (outside London), where the party organisation had been particularly slack. Reliable membership in that area was reported as only 1,200.

Even in commercial and political intelligence work, agents must in future be more carefully chosen. German girls in domestic service are to be given only unimportant tasks. They must no longer be persuaded to undertake jobs outside their powers.

More than 3,500 agents of proved ability and integrity are to cover the country.

Many of the seniors will be new men. That means the sudden recall to their homeland of a number of German business men at present in this country. Some of them have been resident here for ten years.

They will be replaced by younger, more enthusiastic Nazi members untainted by British ideas.

If good results do not speedily follow the appointment of a German commercial representative in Britain, the Nazi machine will work, and he will be ordered home.

On the political intelligence side, a new office was created in Manchester. Its job will be to keep closely in touch with all British political developments.

Wherever possible, it was decided, British subjects should be employed as advisers on political and economic matters.

The salaries paid for this work are to be high, ranging from £1,000 to £2,000 a year, according to the status of the worker and the importance of the matter with which he or she has to deal.

Finally, it was resolved to use every effort to extend the sale of German publications, printed in English, and circulated in this country.

Present circulation figures of these publications — which all have a strong Nazi appeal—are about 75,000 a year.

Within six months that circulation is to be brought up to 200,000.

Already, in small ways, there is evidence of the strengthened Nazi push in Britain following the Berlin conference.

Herr Adalbert Houben, the thirty-year-old head of foreign affairs propaganda, has just concluded a tour of the country.

After a stay in London, he visited Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow, where he carried out what was termed "an inspection of German subjects."

He met the local Nazi leaders, and addressed meetings in each centre.

In Manchester, a typical instance of Nazi methods has occurred. A café in Deansgate was booked for a Nazi gathering; a social affair with music and dancing to cover the pill of propaganda speeches.

Coupled with the hall reservation was a demand that no Jewish musician must be a member of the band engaged to play to the Nazis.

This piece of ridiculous intolerance brought effective response from the proprietor of the hall.

He cancelled the booking, and the Nazis were forced to make other arrangements for their celebration.

That episode, small though it is, shows how the Nazis are trying to enforce their own ideas, even in this country.

OTHER examples of their keenness may be found at Nazi meetings in London, where there is this same anti-Jewish stipulation.

At the present time there are in the capital four places where the Nazis are gathering regularly to discuss party propaganda—in Marylebone, Bayswater, Ealing, and at a Strand hotel.

Soon centres such as this are to be dotted thickly over the map.

So the long arm of Nazism stretches out into Britain.

Daylight Robbery

LOUNGING at the street corner, a furtive-looking man watched the trim little suburban villa.

He saw the householder leave for work and turn to respond to his young wife's wave.

Still he waited, occasionally strolling down the street with cap pulled over his eyes.

At last, the door opened again. The young wife, like thousands of other London women, was setting out for the day's shopping.

Directly she turned the corner, the watcher strode smartly up to the house and drew something from his pocket.

* * *

When she returned with her laden basket, she was astonished to find the front lock broken and, looking closer, saw the marks of the house-breaker's jemmy

Police were summoned, but it was too late The furtive stranger had gone, and with him most of her jewellery. Unfortunately, the engagement ring she prized so much was included in his haul.

No money could compensate for the loss of that ring and its associations, but a generous money payment was forthcoming—because the couple were protected by JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme, which provides for just such a loss as this one.

Acknowledging our cheque, the husband wrote: "It has to a great extent relieved the shock that I and my wife suffered.

"I never imagined that I should have need to avail myself of JOHN BULL'S generosity, but needless to say I am glad I was a registered reader."

One day you may wish you had the same protection. Secure it *now*!—By turning to page 16 and signing the coupon.

THE SHAPE OF TOWNS TO COME

● *FOUR MONTHS AGO "JOHN BULL" URGED THE BUILDING OF FIFTY NEW TOWNS IN BRITAIN TO STOP THE OCTOPUS SPREAD OF THE BIG CITIES. THIS WEEK-END DELEGATES FROM EVERY PART OF THE COUNTRY WILL DISCUSS OUR CAUSE IN THE CONFERENCE HALL OF GLASGOW'S EMPIRE EXHIBITION. A ROYAL COMMISSION IS ALSO STRUGGLING WITH THE PROBLEM.*

SIX cities and fourteen towns contain half the people in this country.

If the flow of population into these twenty areas is not checked, one generation will see nearly all Britain's millions massed in a few enormous and hopelessly congested cities.

The suburbs of these cities will spread and spread until at last they merge.

That, in effect, is the evidence placed before a Royal Commission sitting in Whitehall by the Garden Cities and Town Planning Association.

Sir Montague Barlow, the Commission's chairman, has declared the evidence to be of major importance.

JOHN BULL agrees with him.

The Association's survey of the problem is the clearest, most critical and most complete bird's-eye view of the situation ever formed.

The six octopus cities of Britain and their populations are:—

Greater London ...	8,401,000
Glasgow	1,615,000
Birmingham ...	1,590,000
Liverpool	1,389,000
Manchester ...	1,140,000
Newcastle	1,108,000
Total ...	15,234,000

More than fifteen million people already swept into the maw of suburbs that are devouring the countryside and will be to-morrow's slums.

Greater London, busiest of them all, will in fifty years' time swallow half the population of England and Wales—unless it is curbed.

The only parallel to what is happening in London is in the Midlands.

These two areas have recently shown an increase of nearly 500,000 factory workers, whereas the number of operatives of this type in the rest of the country has fallen by more than 70,000.

And all because new units of industry, designed to cater for a national market, are placing themselves in or near the great population concentrations.

Chief reason for London's unparalleled growth is its social appeal for the ambitious business man and his wife.

Industrial expansion and building mean spending, and attract more craftsmen, luxury workers, engineers and artists.

These increase the social pull and the market, and induce still more industrialists to bring their capital and works to London.

But the ordinary working Londoner, to whom luxury or bright lights mean very little, comes from provincial towns and villages simply because jobs are to be had.

His is only a London of drab streets and tenements, of tiresome journeys.

But more than one manufacturer has decided the site of his works simply because it was near his favourite sports resort.

Government spokesmen repeatedly declare that it is not part of the Cabinet's policy to encourage town inflation.

Yet of 1,300,000 houses built under the Housing Acts, 1,128,500 have been erected in the towns!

Clearest proof that excessive town growth *is* encouraged by the Government is to be found in the way the housing subsidy is being allocated.

This subsidy is now so graded that it can amount to as much as £26 per dwelling per year for 40 years in overcrowded centres, whereas no subsidy is available for normal housing in small towns.

The larger the town, a survey has revealed, the greater becomes the cost of travelling between home and work, not only per head, but per journey.

Fares in London by the ordinary transport services cost £15 per family a year. In Birmingham the figure is £8 17s. per family.

But in towns with populations of about 50,000 the cost is no more than £2 or £3 per family.

Other evidence that impressed the Royal Commission was that, while industrial technique is cutting hours to give more leisure, much of this leisure is used up in travelling—a fantastic waste.

Stress is also laid by the Garden Cities Association on the stunted and warped outlook of the younger generation in the swollen towns.

Over-citified life is a cause of the falling birth-rate and of the damage to health. Infant mortality rates are much higher in the crowded towns than elsewhere.

And for all these evils the Garden Cities Association offers a remedy, which is now being closely studied by the Royal Commission.

It is that a National Planning Board should be set up to determine the directions into which industrial, business and house building developments should be guided in the national interests.

Another central body would be formed to acquire sites and to provide finance for the building of garden cities and satellite towns.

The general aim is to have new towns with populations of about 50,000, with their size and growth limited by wide rural belts which will be kept inviolate.

JOHN BULL has championed this cause for a long time. Now the experts have realised its worth. The Government must be made to act.

Ribbon development like this is gradually merging town with town, city with city

Shame Gang Exposed

BEFORE long the police will swoop on a London woman who is known to make £4,000 a year from vice.

The net is also closing round five Frenchmen, believed to be directing a vast organisation in the same wretched trade.

These moves will be a part of one of the fiercest attacks on organised vice ever known in this country.

It is being carried out with relentless determination by fifteen specially picked detectives controlled by Superintendents Yandall and Sands, of Scotland Yard, and Inspector John Gavin, of Vine Street.

JOHN BULL is able to reveal some astonishing secrets of the work of this Vice Squad.

Recently, two estate agencies in the West End of London closed down suddenly.

Nothing unusual, it might seem, in the uncertainty of business life.

BUT the nameplates of both concerns were mere screens for warehouses of immorality.

Beautiful women were being brought from abroad and established in luxurious flats. The promoters made thousands of pounds. They sensed the tentacles of the Squad and fled.

It took fourteen months to run down Carmen Rosenz, forty-two-year-old negress, in her ornate flat in Dover Street, Mayfair.

Observation showed, of course, that the flat was being used improperly, but this woman would have snapped her fingers at the penalty for that offence.

The detectives had to obtain irrefutable evidence of the much more sinister happenings in her home. After long waiting they were able to witness what took place.

THEIR revelations shocked the country. Carmen Rosenz went to prison a few weeks ago and she will be there for three years.

What was not disclosed in court was that when she moved into the flat in 1936 she had compiled a list of nearly 150 clients.

She boasted to a confidant that she could depend on regular visits from them.

A more terrible discovery was that she possessed a detailed record of more than 80 girls and about a dozen men who were "on call" ready to hurry to the flat the moment they received a telephone message.

The coloured woman reaped a small fortune out of their depravity.

All these wretches, most of them foreigners, deserve severe punishment, but the public often do not realise how difficult it is to bring their despicable crimes home to them in a court of law.

They cover their trails with fiendish skill and the Vice Squad men have to force their way through tangled labyrinths of elaborate organisation before they reach the men and women who really direct the loathsome business.

Just as important, too, to prevent others coming here to take their place. So a careful watch is being kept on all aliens arriving at our ports.

The Squad is working in the closest detail with the Continental police, compiling records, collecting photographs, and specially listing all the known traffickers.

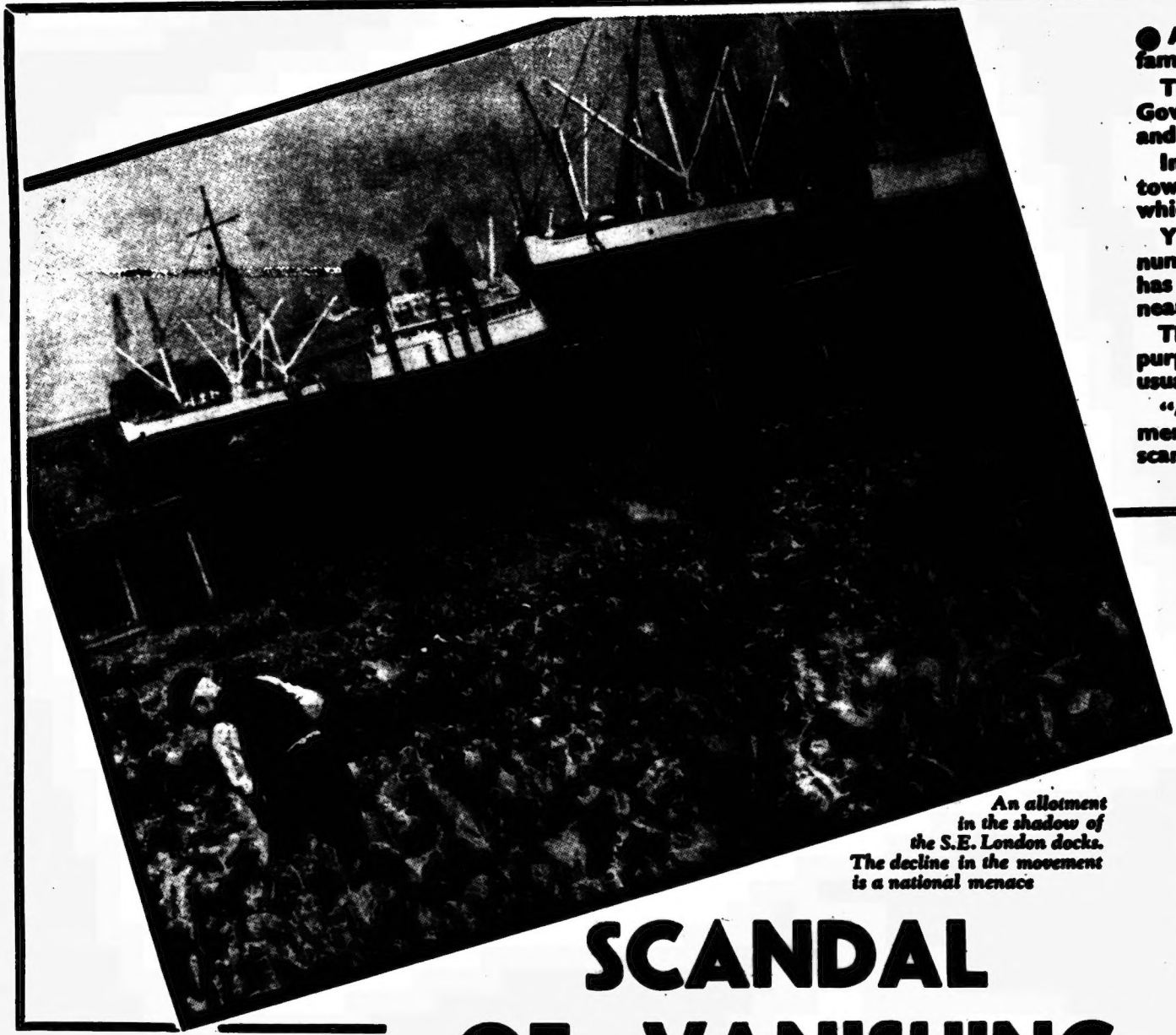
All kinds of disguises are used for some houses.

Innocent-looking advertisements offering treatment for some ailment or other are a growing form of camouflage.

GIRLS engaged as "nurses" are persuaded or terrified into a life of shame by the men and women who run these establishments.

The country would be staggered if it knew the extent to which this miserable business is flourishing.

But the net is closing in. Many more foreigners will be scuttling from these shores in the next few weeks, and there will be less and less chance of others coming here to take their place.



An allotment in the shadow of the S.E. London docks. The decline in the movement is a national menace

● Allotments are a bulwark against famine in time of war.

They are as useful then as a Government hoard of whale oil and sugar.

In peace time they serve to keep town dwellers in touch with the soil which is their heritage.

Yet in the last eighteen years the number of allotments in this country has been allowed to diminish by nearly 1,000,000.

The land has been taken for "other purposes" — building schemes usually.

"A. G. G." condemns the Government's laziness in dealing with the scandal of the vanishing allotment.

SCANDAL OF VANISHING ALLOTMENTS

By A. G. Gardiner

THE urgent questions addressed by Mr. Ellis Smith and Sir Francis Fremantle to the Minister of Agriculture in Parliament the other day call public attention to a matter of the gravest moment.

We are discussing the possibility of war in all its aspects, not because we wish to do so, but because the threat of war is too imminent to be disregarded.

All the energies of the country are being mobilised for defensive measures—the building of more ships, more guns, more aeroplanes, gas masks by the million, and so on.

But there is one measure of defence which is attracting insufficient attention. It is the problem of security against famine.

In this respect no country is more vulnerable than ours, for no other country is so dependent upon external supplies for its existence.

Feverish activity

Those of us who lived through the years of the Great War need no reminder of how near we came to disaster then.

We were put to dire shifts to make the available food go round, and to get the last ounce of production out of our own soil.

As the result of that emergency an unprecedented impulse was given to the allotment movement.

Every vacant plot available for cultivation in town or country became a scene of feverish activity.

People who had never used a spade before turned out then in their leisure hours to dig and sow with the comfortable feeling that they were "doing their bit" to win the war.

Some of us hoped that we were doing more. We hoped that we were starting a movement which would leave a permanent mark on the future and bring our industrialised community into closer touch with the soil.

But as the war receded that hope has become dimmed.

Lamentable

In 1920 there were a million and a half of allotment-holders in England and Wales. Every year since then the number has declined.

By the end of 1935 it had fallen to 611,900, and by December last to 592,500.

That is to say, since 1920 allotment holders throughout the land have declined by nearly two-thirds. No fewer than 60,000 acres of allotment land have gone out of cultivation.

This is deplorable from many points of view. It is deplorable merely as a matter of national economy.

If it is true, as stated, that the allotments last year produced £8,000,000 worth of commodities, it means that we have lost something like £15,000,000 of home-grown foodstuffs compared with 1920.

That is no mean consideration in times of peace. In time of war it might well be vital.

But that is not all. Important as the economic loss is, the moral and physical loss is even more lamentable.

The divorce of our people from the soil is the most menacing fact of our industrial civilisation.

In less than a century we have passed from a people the majority of whom were engaged in rural pursuits, to a people almost exclusively working in factories, foundries, shops and offices.

And the drift from field to factory continues, with the result that the flow of fresh country blood which has hitherto kept the town vitalised is reaching the point of exhaustion.

And in the face of that drift, the chief corrective is the allotment movement, which alone enables a town-bred population to keep in touch with the wholesome sanities of nature.

It is for this reason that the decline in the movement is a national menace.

If the cause of the decline were in the people themselves we might despair.

But it is not.

Few peoples are such enthusiastic gardeners as the English, and none are more so.

No, it is not the indifference of the people that is responsible for the decline in the allotments movement. It is due to an entirely different cause.

Notice to quit

Mr. W. S. Morrison, the Minister for Agriculture, admitted that in reply to the questions in Parliament, when he said:

"The decline in the number of allotments is due mainly to the demand for land for other purposes in urban areas, particularly for housing."

That this is the case is proved by evidence which lies before me from many quarters.

For example, sixty allotment holders at Chatham receive notice to quit because their land is needed for school building.

In Cardiff 700 holders have been threatened with disturbance owing to the requirements of the Air Force.

At Leeds ninety-one holders in Clarke's Fields were evicted because the owners wanted the land for building purposes.

In the last-named case prompt action was taken by the local Council, the land was acquired and the evicted tenants marched back in triumph to their plots.

It is obvious, and Mr. Morrison frankly admits the fact, that new legislation is urgently needed to deal with this great matter.

It is a matter which mainly affects the towns where land is scarce and dear and where the demands for building are pressing.

The local authorities are limited to a penny rate for the provision of allotments, and they are often tempted to turn land which they have acquired at a high cost to more profitable uses than allotments.

The remedy is for Parliament to put allotments on the same basis as it puts smallholdings and council houses. It subsidises schemes for council houses with large gardens attached, and this principle should be extended to allotments.

For, as the National Allotments Society points out, the allotment is simply a garden provided for a householder who has not got one.

A fine lead

Moreover, the State should lend money to allotment associations at a low rate of interest and on a generous scale.

If this were done, and if injustices of tenure were removed, such a stimulus would be given to the movement as would transform the life of our urban communities.

No better lead could be followed than that which has been given in Scotland.

There the Commissioner for Special Areas has offered the local authorities 75 per cent. of the cost of land acquired for allotments.

No more truly reproductive expenditure could be devised than this. It is reproductive, not merely in virtue of the food that is produced, but in the quality of life that healthy contacts with the soil ensure for the town-bred worker.

At a time when the dread spectre of war again haunts us, the urgency of the matter needs no stressing. But it is urgent for another reason.

Daily we are becoming a more and more urbanised people, dwellers in mean streets or in flats that offer no more garden ground than is provided by a window box.

In these circumstances Parliament has no more pressing duty than to pour new life into the allotment movement.

OPEN LETTERS

Professor V. H. MOTTRAM, *Food Expert*

DEAR PROFESSOR,—As you say, it's the women and children who suffer.

The minimum diet you prescribe—cheese, brown bread and raw cabbage—costs 4s. 9½d. a week. Even if people could bear its monotony, you ask, could they digest it in that form?

Yet Sir John Orr has shown that there are four and a half million people in Britain spending less than 4s. a head on food!

Not surprising, therefore, that even in the prosperous South of England one in every four children suffer from "night blindness" due to poor feeding, and that "by the time they come under the care of education authorities they are already damaged goods."

But while I endorse the demands made by the Children's Minimum Council Conference which you addressed, I wonder if the well-fed leaders of the Keep Fit movement realise that we shall never become an A 1 nation while we impose suffering on expectant mothers and young children!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. MALCOLM MACDONALD, *Colonial Secretary*

DEAR SIR,—What on earth is the good of sending a warship to Jamaica? How does it square with the traditions of British justice to fire on crowds who cry out for decent conditions?

Riots are ugly things, and I shall not attempt to defend them. But still uglier are the evils which have forced the Jamaicans to strike and riot.

You have entered your new office with high promise. Redeem it by granting these victims of oppression the fair wages, proper housing and direct representation in the legislatures for which they rightly clamour.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. RAMSBOTHAM, *Minister of Pensions*

DEAR SIR,—Is it too much to expect that you feel ashamed of yourself?

Following my article, "150,000 Frightened Widows," you are confronted by an all-Party demand that the persecution of war widows must cease.

Spying and malicious gossip are robbing them of their pensions.

Actually, 533 pensions have been stopped on charges of "unworthy conduct" during the last three years and only thirty-nine restored.

You do not give these figures in your annual report. "It's a minor detail," you explain. Nothing minor about it for victims brought to penury!

You must allow them to face their accusers before the Special Grants Committee. You must see that anonymous letters from spiteful and often unbalanced neighbours are ignored.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE DU PARCQ, *Royal Courts of Justice*

MY LORD,—Yes, boys are still sent to jail—to be corrupted by hardened criminals.

"I thought that was all over," you say, on being told that a boy of seventeen was imprisoned for seven days because of an unpaid fine, and another, aged eighteen, sentenced to three months for attempted false pretences.

My postbag proves that such cases are shockingly common. They will not end until the aged, vindictive and merciless J.P.s are booted off the Bench.

And, since the man who forces another into a life of crime deserves imprisonment himself, I'd put quite a few of them in their own dock!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LESLIE BURGIN, *Minister of Transport*

DEAR SIR,—Every road user must squirm at your complacency.

"Don't you think roads can be improved quickly," you blandly warn us. "Better have thorough surveys than skimp the job."

Well, another traffic census was held last week throughout the country. The results of many previous ones have been pigeon-holed.

Sir Charles Bressey has finished his three years' study of London roads. You are sitting on his report.

In short, everything there is to know about road conditions is already in your Department's possession. Nevertheless, you go on allowing our highways to be deathtraps.

I can only conclude that you find it easier to talk about surveys than to act upon them.—JOHN BULL.

CANDID CARTOONS BY Kem
SPECIAL AIR RAID PRECAUTION CLASSES ARE TO BE ARRANGED FOR M.P.s AND PEERS.
Why not Will Hay as instructor?
SELECT BOARD
ROAD CASUALTIES
65,795
NOT OUT
PARLIAMENTARY CRICKET
Dr. L. Burgin is an extraordinary bowler.
(News item)
STILL EXPANDING
How about "Greater German" as a new title for Field-Marshall Goering?

Telegrams

POSTMASTER-GENERAL: "Wages adequate," you say, refusing workers' claims. If £1 a week is adequate for sub-postmasters, your £12,000,000 surplus is national disgrace.—JOHN BULL.

★

VALENTINE HOLMES, well-known barrister: Agree libel law is outrageous. What word fits legislators' reluctance to reform it?—JOHN BULL.

★

F. C. WATKINS, Rly. Clerks' Assoc.: May your forecast of move "within few years" towards public ownership of transport prove correct. Already necessary, is becoming inevitable.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. INGELBREDT OLSEN, *Visitor to London*

DEAR MR. OLSEN,—Alas for your sanguine faith in human nature!

The plausible "Australian" tongues of two strangers you met in the street induced you to part with £675 12s. 2d. and three collar studs.

Though the confidence trick they played on you is so old that I thought everyone knew it, I am puzzled by one new feature:

If you were willing to trust them with your collar studs, why not your shirt as well?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE BUCKNILL, *Divorce Judge*

MY LORD,—Should a woman, receiving £500 a year from the husband she divorced, still get that allowance when she remarries?

Answering No, you have reduced it to £350.

Most women will, I am sure, agree; many would probably favour stopping the allowance entirely.

Without referring to this particular case, I suspect that quite a few women have married rich men with the intention of making the marriage break down quickly and securing a life pension.

I know how these scheming "alimony wives" are regarded by the majority of their sex, and I trust your decision may deter others from following their sordid examples.—JOHN BULL.

THE MAGISTRATES, *Long Eaton, Derbyshire*

GENTLEMEN,—Undoubtedly, your court provides the week's strangest story.

A sick woman told you how her father-in-law pushed her into a room and nailed up the door.

Hammer in hand, he threatened a neighbour who went to her assistance and struck her in the stomach, where she had recently had an operation.

After giving evidence, the poor woman became unconscious and had to be taken away in an ambulance. Then you fined her assailant a pound!

This trifling penalty may suggest that you considered the brute in need of a doctor. But if so, why fine him at all?—JOHN BULL.

THE COUNCILLORS, *Epsom, Surrey*

GENTLEMEN,—Your watch chains should be ornamented with putty medals.

No useful purpose would be served by your taking part in Safety Week, you say—because that week clashes with the summer race meeting!

I should think that the time when your town is crowded out is the time for you to campaign for Safety First. Apparently you don't think—or seldom.

Unfortunately, there are far too many official bodies who share your mentality.—JOHN BULL.

. . double your pleasure with—

PARK-DRIVE

15 for 6d.

10 FOR 4D PLAIN OR CORK TIP MILD 5 FOR 2D

What the MARRIAGE SCHOOLS will teach YOU

Before long, English girls—and their sweethearts—will attend marriage schools of the sort illustrated in these two pictures, which show young German women learning mothercraft and cookery at a Berlin centre

JOHN BULL can now give preliminary details of the marriage classes which will soon be started in the bigger centres of Great Britain for the guidance of young couples about to wed.

These marriage schools are being planned by the newly formed "Council for Marriage Guidance," which has come into being because of the growing need for some systemised instruction of this kind.

Clergymen, doctors, experts in the rearing and care of children, psychologists and magistrates are among those who have offered the Council and the "schools" their services.

Lecturers will be trained and will travel throughout the country. That will be the first move in this great campaign for happier lives and better homes.

Then will come the classes, offering sex instruction, and giving young couples advice on every aspect of the problems of wedded life.

The centre of this great education system will be a marriage guidance institute to be set up in London.

The need for these schools is long overdue.

Social workers have been appalled by the increasing disruption of home life, by the steady increase of wrecked marriages, and the lengthening lists at the divorce courts.

They believe that one of the greatest enemies of wedded happiness—and the whole future of the race—is ignorance.

At present the ignorance of many young people in quite good jobs, and brought up in decent homes, is almost unbelievable.

★

They have had good education, but in regard to the problems of marriage and the preparation for it their knowledge is dangerous in its scantiness.

Marriage is the most important job on earth. Yet hitherto it has been the only one which a man or woman can enter without any preparation whatever.

Hundreds of thousands of domestic tragedies have come about simply because infatuated young couples, mentally and physically unsuited, have rushed blindly into matrimony with no sex knowledge or no idea of the scope of their new responsibilities.

Now the road to happiness will be smoothed for them.

A young couple will be able to go to these classes, unburden their problems, and prepare *scientifically* for the greatest adventure of their lives.

They will receive at these classes intensive instruction in the social and economic aspects of marriage.

Husbands and wives whose marriages are threatened with disaster will also be invited to take along their problems. The lessons they will learn will equip them to make a new start.

In this way the children of broken marriages will be given new hope and courage and a real chance of leading happy, useful lives.

Says Dr. Ethel Dukes, medical director of the Institute of Child Psychology:

"It is the children who suffer most in shattered marriages. Unhappy homes often breed children who become gangsters and in other ways turn against society. This is the real evil our council will fight."

★

Many clergymen, when interviewed by young couples contemplating marriage, tactfully try to find out whether they have given serious thought to the matter.

And their experience justifies the need for marriage education.

Listen to a clergyman prominent in the East End of London:

"Many young men and women, after a heart-to-heart talk with me, agree that they would be wiser to postpone the marriage.

"Sometimes they think it over for a few months to make quite sure. Some couples go away—and I never see them again."

★

This clergyman always stresses that marriage can never be a success if based on infatuation. It must have a more solid basis than that.

"The parson," he adds, "can use his mission to advise young people whom he thinks are about to make a bad mistake in getting married when they are unsuited."

Such invaluable advice will be given privately to all engaged couples who seek it. It will be part of the service of the marriage clinics.

Sex education—so tragically neglected in this country—will be given by medical specialists.

A Harley Street specialist says: "It is not only a question of marriage of people with incurable diseases, or who have antecedents which might affect the lives and mentalities of their children.

"It is more often a question of physical temperament.

"Two persons of entirely different physical development and mental outlook so often marry with disastrous consequences. One may be a person of great passion, the other be a cold, dispassionate nature. They marry—and in time go to the divorce court."

They endure years of domestic misery, because they did not scientifically prepare for marriage or take the trouble to find out what were their chances of happiness together.

★

These marriage clinics will prevent such unnecessary suffering.

Supposing a young man or woman fears that he or she may be physically unfitted for marriage or for begetting children?

Gynæcologists and other specialists will be there specially to advise them.

Every visitor to these marriage clinics will be welcomed, no matter whether they are about to be married or have been married for years.

They may ask any question, either at the public lectures or privately. Generally a medical examination will be suggested before marriage.

The Committee believes that marriage and medical clinics should work hand in hand to make Britain the nation of the world's happiest homes.

Just a Human Story

Martyred by an Act.

"One of the hardest cases I have ever had brought to my notice, especially as the man was born with such a grave deficiency and has made a splendid struggle for existence."

THAT is an extract from the letter of a professional man to the Editor of JOHN BULL. It is about Mr. A. Clark, of Beccles, Suffolk.

For fifty years Clark struggled through life under a handicap which made him different from all other men.

He was born a cripple, without a left arm.

Despite this handicap, Clark always managed to earn a livelihood—until a year ago.

Then he met with an accident during his work in a laundry.

His one hand was maimed. No more use in the laundry—no more use, perhaps, anywhere.

Of course, Clark would receive compensation for his injury

Yes, that is true. But what was the compensation?

An allowance of £1 0s. 6d. paid for a few months, and then even that meagre allowance ended.

For the bare necessities of life this unfortunate man was thrown back on a public assistance grant.

With wife and two children, he had to live under the poverty line, unable even to pay the rent of his small home.

The insurance company, acting in the matter, offered Clark £10 in settlement!

Nine months ago that offer was made. Since then there have been negotiations through solicitors, but Clark remains without money.

Meanwhile, he is told that both his children are under-nourished and unfitted to go to school.

An accumulation of debt bears him down.

Clark, his wife and children are martyrs to the machinery of the Workmen's Compensation Acts.

Warm Weather Health Hints

Helpful advice to all who want Good Health!

Mr. Shadforth, best known of all dispensing Chemists, is the founder of the Shadforth Prescription Service that is famous all over the civilized world.

DURING the next few months particularly, it is common sense to take steps for safeguarding your health! Be prepared! Many people suffer needlessly from ailments which can be rectified quite easily. Changes in weather which upset constitutions—the pain and discomfort which follow normal eating, "nerves," those racking headaches, that "too old at Forty" feeling—be rid of them! There is a Shadforth remedy for every common ailment. Thousands owe their health and strength to them. They will save you doctors' bills. Send direct, or go to your chemist to-day, and let Shadforth Prescriptions bring you back to health!

ORDER WHAT YOU NEED NOW!

ACCEPT THIS SPECIAL OFFER!

FREE!

with every order and for a limited period only.

Mr. Shadforth's Book of Prescriptions,

Published at 2/6

Containing 176 pages packed with valuable medical information and hundreds of doctors' prescriptions written in plain English.

A book everyone ought to possess.

These medicines may be obtained direct from us, or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist send receipt for medicines together with this coupon, and the book will be forwarded post free by return.

"John Bull," Book No. A209, June, 1938.

"CULTIVATE your ROSES But NOT your NOSES"

When Spurgeon gave the above advice he did not mean that every red nose belonged to a tippler. The majority of red noses are due to disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Nerves and Skin, etc. There are also white noses—often due to heart weakness and feeble circulation. Ailments special to June include those connected with eating unripe and unsound fruits. Thread Worms, Round Worms and Tapeworms are prevalent.

Suitable remedies for June ailments are provided by The Shadforth Prescription Service. Some are mentioned on this page. If the one you need is not here, please write for the appropriate booklet, which will be sent free of charge. Mention "John Bull" when writing.

This June (the Peak Month for Health), let your Roses be in your garden and on your cheeks.

Shadforth Prescriptions give the Bloom of Health. Each remedy has been proved by time to be of the greatest aid. They are reasonably priced and will do you good.

WARM WEATHER HEART WEAKNESS

Don't Risk a Collapse

Healthy Heart
Hearty Health

DOES your heart palpitate? Are you tired from morning to night? Sleepless yet needing sleep? Without appetite, yet needing the strength which foods can bring? You must not go on like this? Take "Blue Lion Fox Nuts," the modern tonic which pulls you together in a few hours. Frazzled nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthened, hope renewed before nightfall; life worth living to-morrow. It is the Doctor's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, flutterings, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your failing-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for "Blue Lion Fox Nuts." Shadforth Prescription No. 622. Prices: 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

The Shadforth Booklet on Heart Troubles (No. J.B. 320), post free.

THE WORLD'S BEST HEALTH, HEART AND NERVE TONIC.

HAY FEVER

COLD IN THE NOSE, CATARRHAL INFECTIONS AND CONGESTIONS.

An effective nasal antiseptic of the ephedrine class is now provided in "Shadrinol." It is packed with a pipette for placing drops in the nose and with a spray for applying to the back of the mouth and throat. It quickly relieves Nasal Catarrh, Head Colds, Coryza, Hay Fever, Hoarseness, Laryngitis (occasionally Bronchitis and Asthma) and general catarrhal congestions of the mucous membranes of nose and throat.

Complete with directions. Price 1/3 (including pipette), and 2/6 (including pipette and atomiser).

Prescription No. 1465XL.

The Shadforth booklet (No. J.B. 348) on this subject is supplied post free.

RHEUMATISM

HEADACHE—SCIATICA—INFLUENZA

All Nerve Pains including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by "Shadgesic" Compound, the new pain-killer (Rx. 2222). This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices 6d. (10), 1/3 (25), 2/- (50), 3/6 (100 tablets).

In exceptionally painful cases use a Neuritis Gasket (Rx. 2222A). Prices 3/- (6), and 5/9 (12).

The Shadforth Booklet on "Neuritis" (No. J.B. 236) post free.

BRIDGING WOMAN'S DANGER YEARS

Smooths Out the Problems of Middle Life.

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 2037—the Critical Time Tonic. In boxes at 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

Booklet (No. J.B. 345), post free.

HEALTHY BLOOD

100 p.c. Purity. 100 p.c. Vitality.

HERE is the Shadforth known, admitted and approved remedy for blood troubles. It eliminates rheumatic tendencies and soothes painful parts. It heals ulcers, sores, boils eczema, and skin disfigurements. It renews the blood, and blood is life. Ask for Shadforth Blood Purifying Tablets (No. 1282). Prices: 2/6, 4/6, and 12/-.

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WITHOUT INDIGESTION, ACIDITY, GASTRITIS

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness After Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077. POPULARLY KNOWN AS "WHITE LIONS." Dispensed after the successful formula used in hospitals and clinics by prominent physicians, they give prompt relief and comfort. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement, clean tongue, moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished, long, sad, face replaced by such broad sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Prices: 6d. (24), 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions), with Directions.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST REMEDY FOR ACID STOMACHS

Special Book on Indigestion Cures, and on Treating of Digestive Troubles (J.B. 314), post free.

COMPLEXION TROUBLES

depend firstly on the blood beneath them, and only secondly on cream and powder. The best remedy for muddy or sallow complexions, acne or blackheads, boils, redness of skin and some forms of eczema, pimples and even carbuncles, is dispensed in dainty tablets as Shadforth Prescription No. 442 (Skin Tonic Tablets). They cleanse the blood. Try them for a couple of weeks and note, with satisfaction, the great improvement in your complexion. Don't cover up faults—cleanse them from within.

Prices: 1/- (36), 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144).

The best soap to use while taking the tablets is Shadforth's Anti-Blackhead (Milk of Sulphur) Soap. Prescription No. 1064. Price 1/3.

The Shadforth Book on Skin and Complexion Troubles (No. J.B. 322) post free on request.

SKIN DISEASES

(1) Antiseptic (Rx. 1462), in tablet form to make bath. Price 1/-, 1/9 and 2/6.
(2) Psoriasis Ointment (Rx. 699). A stimulating antiseptic. Price 1/9 and 4/-.
(3) Wash regularly until better with Birch Tar Soap (Rx. 930). Price 1/-.
(4) Take Potassium Internally for a few weeks in the form of "Vi-Salts" (the new potassium table salt). Prescription No. 1288. Price 6d. and 1/3.

Special Booklet on Psoriasis (No. J.B. 227) post free on request.

CORNS

WASH the feet well with hot water every night, using Shadforth Formalin Soap (Rx. 949—costs 1/-). Dry the feet and corns well with a rough towel and afterwards rub in a little Corn Salve (Rx. 891—costs 7½d.).

The Shadforth Booklet on "Corns" (J.B. 297) post free.

ECZEMA

For dry, wet or scaly eczema, an approved remedy is found in Eczema Ointment (Rx. 1269). It is also excellent for Dandruff or Scurf. Prices 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

Special New Formula for Vesicular Eczema (Rx. 7221). Price 2/6.

Booklet on Eczema Treatment (No. J.B.272) free on request.

THAT SLIM LINE

can still be yours by means of the successful slimming Course, the

SHADFORTH DOUBLE-DUPLEX or FOUR-FOLD TREATMENT FOR OBESITY (Rx. 575/DD).

This is not one of those extravagant treatments where the cost is never ending, and the result disappointing—it is a safe home remedy that will bring your figure down to that slim line of which you used to be so proud. It simply costs a few shillings, but nevertheless is the most successful and scientific treatment for Obesity ever recommended. Price 7/9 and 14/6. Ask for the Shadforth Obesity Treatment No. 575/DD.

The Shadforth Booklet on "Obesity" (No. J.B. 255) post free on request.

NERVES

Absent-Mindedness, Loss of Memory, Debility, Depression, Lassitude

Nourish your Nerves and each new day will bring renewed Joy in Living.

YOU can pull through. Depression, Brain-Fag, Loss of Memory, Debility and Neurasthenia and that "tired feeling" are conditions and not diseases. Shadphos Tonic Tablets—act like magic. You are brighter in an hour and a new man in two days. A proved remedy. Prices: 1/- (12), 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100), and 17/- (300 tablets). Prescription 470.

Special Book dealing with Nerve Troubles (J.B. 323), post free.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Why these Disturbed Nights?

KIDNEY and Bladder troubles can be relieved. Quickly. Surely. Until you have tried "Shadsorters" you may be enduring endless suffering from misery—mental as well as physical. There is not an ingredient in them that can do you the slightest harm. Cooling, cleansing, healing "Shadsorters" have been the successful remedy for Cystitis, Prostatitis, Gravel, Gall Stones, Scalding and Associated Liver, Kidney, Uric Acid and Bladder troubles and disturbed nights. Try them to-night. Prices: 1/4 (25), 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/- (300).

Mr. Shadforth's valuable book (J.B. 326) on Bladder and Kidney Troubles, post free.

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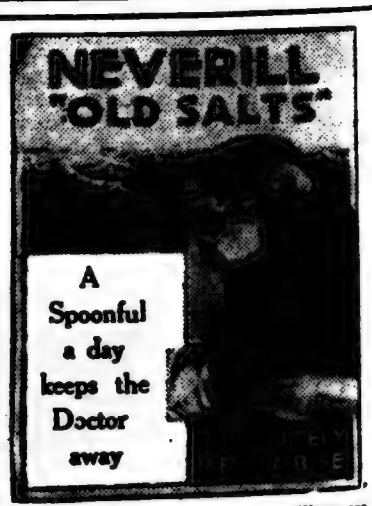

The best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink it first thing every morning. Tasteless with your tea. For Sparkling Eyes, clear Complexion, Tip-top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.

Prices: 2d., 6d., and 1/-.

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Romford: 44, London Road
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"Shadforth" famous Prescriptions may also be obtained from Boot's, Timothy White's & Taylors, the Stores and your Local Chemist, who will either hold stocks or will gladly obtain on request.

The prescriptions published on this page are not intended to usurp the function and rightful position of the registered medical practitioner.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier

I Want Your Help!

My post this week has been the most informative since I became Chief of the Investigation Department.

Generally I am asked for information and help. This week, however, my letters were a remarkable revelation of the alertness of readers in "spotting" possible swindles.

Some wrote because they feared they might be swindled, but many others wrote because they suspected that somebody else would be cheated—and that is the right spirit.

*

I like to know that I have voluntary "watchdogs" all over the country and overseas. Their assistance to my department is invaluable.

So keep up the good work. Remember I open every letter addressed to me personally, and confidence is never betrayed.

I have now arranged with the Editor that every week I will decide which letter is of greatest value to the public and, whether the information is used or not, I will make the writer a special cash award.

Unless there is any objection, names and addresses will be published.

Hy. Childs

Clear This Dubious Pastor Out

Rev. G. D. Ekarte. His mission's money is a mystery

LIVERPOOL people expect their Bishop to end, without further delay, the very unsatisfactory state of affairs at the African Churches Mission in that city.

In perfectly good faith, of course, he gave the Mission his blessing and support when it was founded in Hill Street in 1932.

He must now be aware, however, that the man who runs it and styles himself the Rev. G. D. Ekarte is utterly unfitted to run a mission.

This coloured man's conduct has been such that complaints have reached the police.

That should be sufficient, but, in addition, the entire financial position has been obscure for the last two years.

Yet, still boasting that he has the Bishop's support, he conducts religious services at which he wears white ecclesiastical robes emblazoned with a scarlet cross.

Born in Southern Nigeria, he is supposed, as a child, to have come under the influence of Mary Slessor, the famous missionary.

He came to Liverpool to complete his education.

He has stated that he was so discouraged by what he discovered of life here that he bought two revolvers and 50 cartridges, intending to return to his own country "and wreak his vengeance on those who had told him stories of the scope for his missionary desires in England."

The wonderful story continues: "On my way to the docks I was attracted to a mission meeting and then, seized with remorse and repentance, I threw the revolvers and ammunition in the river.

"There and then I pledged myself to devote my life to West African natives on Merseyside."

Large sums of money have been contributed to the Mission.

Until 1936 there was a Board or Trust composed of reputable people, including Canon Shields, of Liverpool Cathedral.

They ensured that properly audited accounts were published, but owing to serious irregularities in the conduct of the Mission, which they tried in vain to stop, they resigned two years ago.

Since then Ekarte has been in sole charge of the finances. How much money has he raised and spent?

Meanwhile, leaders of the city's coloured colony have become more and more perturbed.

A local welfare worker has drawn the attention of the Bishop of Liverpool to what was going on at the Mission.

As long ago as March 1 the Bishop admitted that he quite agreed the affairs of the Mission were not properly conducted.

"I have taken a great deal of trouble lately," he said, "to discover the real situation there and to devise some means of improving it."

There is only one solution. It is—

Clear out the "Rev." G. Daniels Ekarte and put someone in charge who is fitted to carry on the splendid and necessary work of which such an institution is capable.

Healer Hoaxes Sick

A CORNISHMAN of the Billy Bray type. That is how W. E. G. Pomroy is described on pamphlets announcing his evangelistic revival and divine healing campaign.

"Bray" is the right word—for his tall claim: Blind eyes opened, deaf hear, dumb speak, crutches discarded.

I have no objection to revival meetings if people want them, but it is sheer cruelty to buoy up the suffering with hope that their physical disabilities can be healed in this way.

One of my investigators has seen the parents of a boy supposed to be cured of blindness at one of Pomroy's meetings at Flint, North Wales.

After the emotions of the congregation had been worked up almost to a pitch of hysteria, the boy was led on the platform

The evangelist, with impressive showmanship, prayed and passed his hands over the boy's eyes. Then he asked the lad what he could see . . . how many lights were there above his head? "Three," he replied. Correct. Next he picked out a colour.

* * *

Everyone was impressed—except the boy's parents. They knew that he had never been totally blind.

He had always been able to count the number of lights and had little difficulty in distinguishing colours.

I have just heard of a new car-stealing trick by an old hand crook. Calling himself "Colonel Edwards," and giving an address in the West End of London, he 'phoned a Clapham firm of motor-car dealers asking that a new model of a certain make of car should be sent to his flat for a demonstration run.

The driver who took the car along found that the flat was empty.

He was returning down the stairs when he heard his car being driven away.

Other firms have been robbed in the same way by this man. He won't have a long run. The police know him.

In another name he was sent to jail by the Marylebone magistrate in 1934 for obtaining money by fraud.

There have been other convictions for cashing worthless cheques, renting furnished flats and disappearing with anything of value he could lay hands on.

RAMP TO END

MEN behind the dry-cleaning tangle, which I exposed a fortnight ago, apparently think they can go on with their shaky ventures as if nothing had occurred.

Drakes, Ltd., of Old Mills, Yeadon, near Leeds, the last of their concerns to crash and whose affairs are being examined by the Leeds Official Receiver, has been taken over by a new concern, Lloyds (Dyers and Cleaners), Ltd.

This firm does not, of course, make itself responsible for the liabilities of the bankrupt Drakes; it simply takes over the premises and buys the plant at a knock-down price

* * *

But the scandal of the whole transaction is that behind Lloyds are George Alan Fernside and Clifford Moore—two of the men who ran Drakes.

Moore has run other similar businesses on to the rocks of bankruptcy.

It is outrageous, in view of the disclosures made in the Leeds Bankruptcy Court, that Moore should be able to continue in this way the trail of dubious business which has already brought heavy losses to creditors and investors.

P.O. Leaves Tragic Wife To Starve

"I am still without compensation for my husband, now a helpless invalid, after being knocked down by a Royal Mail van two years ago. We have no money . . . the strain of it all is becoming unbearable. . . ."

HEAR Mrs. Wylie, of Braefoot Avenue, Milngavie, Scotland.

You'll probably remember I revealed the scandal of her treatment by the Post Office authorities in January.

Her husband, a working tailor and cutter, was knocked down by a Post Office mail van in Bath Street, Glasgow. Compensation was refused.

Doesn't the tragic pathos of his wife's letter stir you, as it does me, to protest again against the utter injustice of G.P.O. van drivers being exempt from third-party insurance?

To sue the Post Office, a flat from the Attorney-General must be obtained, because it is a State Department. What chance has a poor person of doing that?

All very well for his spokesmen to say that the Postmaster-General himself deals with all mail-van accident claims on their merits.

My postbag shows that most claims seem to be turned down.

Parliament must insist that the whole iniquitous system is changed. The G.P.O., with its surplus millions, should be ashamed of the shabby way they deal with these claims.

At the same time, they should end another scandal—the ridiculous and mean payment of sub-postmasters.

Most of them receive less than £1 a week.

They have to be responsible for hundreds of pounds and make good any losses. On duty 54 hours a week, too!

Strange Pools Trinity

NOW here is an intriguing triangle puzzle for you.

It centres round Mr. A. Thompson, the Manchester Turf and football tipster, who, as I described recently, stayed at the Plaza Hotel, Piccadilly, London, for one night, duplicated the hotel notepaper, and sent out letters to his clients with a typewritten signature.

(1) Thompson himself. Apart from the usual tipster's bait of late wires and so on, he specialises in offering *free* forecasts for the Great Cheshire Pools. All he asks is 25 per cent. of the winnings over £50.

(2) A Stockport reader who went to the offices of Great Cheshire Pools because they said they had not received his coupon with a winning forecast, was astonished to see Thompson at work there with two other men!

(3) John J. Somers, of London Road, Manchester. Professing that he was too busy with his week-end plans to send out tips in midweek, Thompson referred his clients to Somers. He offered the customary special letters and wires at varying prices.

A member of my staff has discovered that Thompson is in the Great Cheshire Pools office every Saturday night for checking.

When he called at Somers' office, all he found was a small boy in one room.

The furniture was a deal table and two kitchen chairs. A curious trinity.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.
Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse 1 Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 assid. articles, 10/- 48 cups, saucers, 4/-. Glass & Hardware Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc. etc. (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A. 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE Goods to Sell. Every kind. Easy Terms for Spare-time Agent & Shopkeeper. 144-Page Catalogue free.—MAY (125), Birmingham.

HOSIERY, Underwear, Overalls, Haberdashery, Manchester, etc. Everything for the Retailer. Trade's lowest prices. Small quantities supplied. Send for Ill. Cat. Archers, Castle Gt., Notting'm.

116-PAGE New 1937 Wholesale Drapery Catalogue. Post Free. Perfect and repeatable goods of quality and value. Keenest prices. All Depts., Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household, Boots & Shoes. Satis. G'ntd. W'sale only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity Street, Leeds, 1.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

AGENTS Wtd. Eatonian Xmas Club. Free Gift every Agent. Highest comm. No outlay. Chocs., Fancy Goods, Drapery, Toys, Cigs., etc. Wines for Agents. Send for Catalogue and particulars.—Eatons (Dept. "B.A."), Wortley, Leeds, 12.

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS. Big Commission. No outlay. Handsome Free Gift. Big Cash Prizes. Beautifully illustrated Catalogue Free. F. J. TATE, 24, Neville Street, Leeds, 1.

CHRISTMAS CLUBS. Persons wanting to make money, no previous experience required. Largest cash commission, also valuable gifts to every agent. We also give present, value 4 gns., to all with £25 turnover. We supply Monster Catalogue illustrating nearly 2,000 lines of Xmas and Household Goods. Free and postage paid.—DENNIS & CO., Dept. 72, Colne, Lancs.

£2 CASH BONUS and 50%.—Sales people, either sex, all parts of U.K., whole or spare time, for 1/- and 1/6 copyright lines. Selling like wildfire in offices, factories, shops, house-to-house. Samples of actual lines free, post paid.—Write now, before territory allocated.—B. A. Herbert, Albert Grove, Bristol, 8.

EMPLOYMENT.

THE BRITISH ARMY.
Vacancies exist in all branches. Good pay, Food, clothing and accommodation free.—Opportunities for education, physical training and sport. Liberal holidays on full pay. — Apply any Army Recruiting Office, address obtainable at Post Offices and Employment Exchanges.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.
Young Men required for enlistment as Aircraft Hands. No previous experience necessary, and elementary education is sufficient. Age limits, 18 to 26. Also men with some mechanical knowledge required for training as Fitters' Mates. Age limits, 17½ to 22.—Write or call, R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Victory House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, or any R.A.F. recruiting depot.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 12s. per week. Age 19-22. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 837), 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

SEVENTY-FIVE vacancies occur for men aged 19-21 as Customs and Excise Officers. Commencing pay, £3 3s., rising to £11 per week. No experience required. For full details of entrance requirements apply B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Excellent pay and prospects, with pension. No experience required. For FREE details of openings, etc., apply Chambers College (Dept. 819), 235, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

POLICE RECRUITS Handbook for 1938 (FREE).—Contains information on pay prospects and entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-23) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 802), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

DRAUGHTSMEN — Numerous vacancies in Engineering, Building, G.P.O., etc., for men age 17-40. Exp. unnecessary if willing to learn. Details of openings, salaries, etc., FREE on application to N.I.E. (Dept. 363), Staple Inn Buildings, LONDON, W.C.1.

NEW WRITERS WANTED.—Newspaper and magazine editors are all wanting interesting articles and short stories. A spare-time income can be yours if you enrol as a Student of the Correspondence Course of the Pitman College of Journalism and Authorship. Prospectus free.—211, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES.—The 1938 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance Exams., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES (both sexes), aged 15 to 23; no experience. For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply B.T.I. (Dept. 831), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

PRINTING.—Billheads from 3/6 1,000; other lines cheap.—Samples Free with leaflets, "Business Hints."—Creteway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

PRINTING.—Cards, Memos, B'heads, 200 2/6, 1,000 5/9. Handbills, Scentcards, Laundry Tags. Samps.—Tyers, 11, Oaklands Grove, Ldn., W.12.

RETAILERS.—Local trade is limited, so why not sell by post? — the modern method of Trading? Advertise bargain line in *John Bull's* famous "Shop Window" and reach millions of buyers all over the country. One advertiser recently reported that from a single advertisement he had received over 500 orders for a 10/- article. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? Start small, grow big. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, Room 28, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 83, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WOOLS.—Write for Free Samples Rug and Knit Wools & Illustrated Book on Rugmaking.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Newcastle/Tyne.

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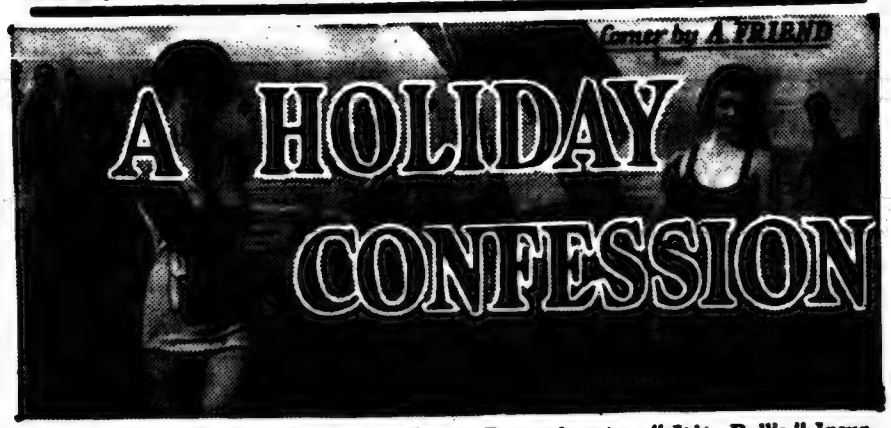
WALLPAPERS from 2d. Roll. "Shields" Pattern Book post free (both ways).—Apply: Dept. J.B., Bruce & Hall, South Shields.

CIRCULAR SAWBENCHES, 16 in., £5 10s. 24 in., £7 15s. Other Sizes. Easy Terms. Illustrated Catlg. Free.—Hartop, Engineers, Bedford.

WALLPAPERS for Householders and traders from 2d. 250 patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. S), Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

MORE CASH FOR POULTRY-KEEPERS. Make bigger profits from your poultry NOW by getting the new revised 1938 edition of the "Feathered World" Year Book, now on sale. Packed with valuable information. NEARLY 400 PAGES deal with every poultry problem—essential help for beginners and experts alike. Send a 2/6 P.O. TO-DAY to the "Feathered World," Dept. J.B., 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.



CONFESS! When you take the family away for your annual fortnight's holiday, don't you cast a glance back at your home as you walk down the front path? You wonder just a little if you've left everything all right, and hope that everything is going to be quite safe—while you're away.

We're all like that. Have we locked up the house safely? Have we shut off the water, the gas, the electric light? And so on.

I'm glad to feel that at least those of my friends who are registered readers of "John Bull" can go away absolutely free of these cares.

UNIQUE BENEFITS

"John Bull" is *the only paper in the world that will safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM and FLOOD, as it is the only paper to pay SICKNESS Benefits.* In addition, "John Bull" provides against loss by burglary.

Remember, too, "John Bull's" Insurance also pays benefits for accidents on the sports field, children's accidents and accidents in the home which, *under our special holiday concession, is extended to include the house or hotel at which you may be staying.*

£715 PAID LAST WEEK

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £715 to registered readers or their dependants.

IMPORTANT HOLIDAY CONCESSION

Registered readers will continue to enjoy the full protection of "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday anywhere in the British Isles, if they can show that they bought the paper while away, and that before leaving home they instructed their newsagent to resume regular delivery immediately upon their return.

If you are going away soon, use the forms below for this unrivalled Security Gift at once.

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 4/6/38.

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Post this Form to
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I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

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Address.....

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Name and Address of Newsagent.

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Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 4/6/38.

ADVICE TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS. — Let Mrs. Howard give you her expert advice on dressing the Modern Baby. See her advertisement, page 2. Home-made, 75-piece Layette for only 30/-. Also choicest quality, 42/-.

YOU CAN obtain a Solid Gold Wrist Watch for 2/6 down, balance 3/6 fortnightly. This offer is made by an advertiser in *John Bull's* "Shop Window" on page 3. Send for a copy of the free catalogue offered, mentioning *John Bull*.

FREE to Cyclists! A genuine one-guinea Dynamo Lighting Set. This offer is made to all *John Bull* readers responding to the advt. of Messrs. Edwd. O'Brien, Ltd., on page 2.

FREE Furnishing Catalogue. — Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to JAY'S FURNISHING STORES, 249, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.C.1, for free Catalogue full of bargains of furniture, pianos, etc.

10/- DOWN secures modern Remington Home Portable Typewriter. Get full particulars of this unique offer by filling in the coupon on page 24 or writing, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Remington Typewriter Co., Ltd., 100, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.2.

GARDENING.

FREE.—"Your Garden," 60-page book in full colours. Advice on Gardening by leading experts —Richard Sudell, H. H. Cook, F. Wheatcroft, Reg. Beale, etc. Limited Number only. Send a p.c. (1d. stamp) for YOURS now.—LASCO, LTD. (Dept. 1), LIVERPOOL.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 31, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (B203M), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

COLDS & Headaches successfully treated by Cephos, prescription of Eminent Physician. Safe and certain. Does not affect heart. Powder or Tablet form. Send p.c. for FREE Sample.—CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. 20), BLACKBURN.

WORMS CURED. — Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

FREE to indigestion sufferers — pocket (or handbag) sample of Moorland Indigestion tablets and diet chart. Write, mentioning *John Bull* (enclosing 1½d. stp.) to W. B. Cartwright, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Rawdon, Leeds.

FREE.—Heath and Heather offer a free copy of their "Famous Book of Herbs," which has meant new health to thousands.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Heath and Heather, Ltd. (Dept. 18), St. Albans, Herts.

A SPENCER Maternity Belt is individually designed for the wearer to relieve back strain, Headache and nausea. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Rd., Banbury, Oxon, for name and address of nearest corsetiere. See page 32.

FREE.—Pennings' Every Mother's Boook.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, I.W. See page 23.

A FREE copy of the new Yadil health book is offered on page 33.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

OLD Gold at more than melting price. Prompt attention to post parcels. Cameo Corner, 26, Museum St., London, W.C.1. Mus. 0401.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES PURCHASED OUTRIGHT.—A. A. LEWIS, 22, TIB LANE, MANCHESTER, 2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 31, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BULMER'S Cider brings you the juice of 2½ lb. of apples in every flagon. Bulmer's is real country cider, made in the heart of the country. It makes a meal twice as enjoyable, particularly with cold cuts. See page 4.

YOU and the kiddies will enjoy Puffed Brand Wheat and its nut-like flavour is delightful. Thousands enjoy it, including Shirley Temple! See page 22.

HAVE you ever spent a holiday at Blackpool? Send a p.c. for new Holiday Journal and full particulars.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to W. Foster, Dept. 14, Town Hall, Blackpool. See p. 29.

FREE sample tube of Odol Toothpaste, simply send a p.c. to Cranbex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.14), Neswick. See page 26.

IF you are going to buy your house, let the Abbey Road, London's largest Building Society, help you. See page 36.

FREE Cash Prizes. £33 in prizes are offered by the proprietors of Diploma Cheese for the best last line to the Limerick on page 33. Read the conditions carefully and send in your entry now. Don't delay—you may forget.

FREE.—Every woman reader of this paper can obtain a special package of New Vect. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, etc., to Dee Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 32F), Cunard Rd., Acton, London, N.W.10. See p. 35.

FREE.—Send for a sample of Hindes Hair Tint, stating shade required, to Hindes, Ltd., 5, Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and enclose 2d. stamps for postage. See page 31.

BE FIT, FEEL FIT AND KEEP FIT! Be a superman! You can do it easily by writing, mentioning *John Bull*, to Earle Liederman, Director of Physical Instruction, Universal Institute of Physical Culture, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.11), Ocean Chambers, 54, Deansgate, Manchester, 3, and obtaining full particulars of the "Muscular Development" course of home training for the small sum of 1/- per week. Chest Expander sent free. Act at once and send for full particulars now.

ACCEPT this free double offer. You can get a trial bottle of Vaseline Hair Tonic and also a Vaseline Soapless Shampoo if you write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. J.B.9, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. Simply enclose 2d. stamp to cover postage. Send at once for this perfect combination to improve your hair.

FREE.—The makers of Robin Starch have published an interesting little booklet, "A Little Bird Told Me." It tells you how easy and economical starching can be. It is offered free to all *John Bull* readers. Every housewife ought to have a copy. Simply fill in the coupon on page 32, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Dept. 606, Hull.

REDECORATE your home for a few shillings. Free booklet explains how. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Lewis Berger & Sons, Ltd., Dept. J6, Homerton, London, E.9, for a beautiful and costly book fully illustrated in colour and written by a famous expert on interior decoration. It's free. Write for your copy to-day. See page 23.

TWO books you should buy: "Holiday Haunts, 1938," and "Rambles Around the Cambrian Coast." They give useful information on stimulating and enjoyable holidays and particulars of cheap monthly return tickets by any train any day from all parts. Further information will gladly be supplied from the Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, London, W.2, or any Railway Station or usual Tourist Agencies. See page 37.

MANY dentists now recommend chewing gum to their patients, realising as they do that the well-prepared foods most of us eat nowadays don't give the jaws half enough hard work. Also those little particles of food that get left between the teeth at mealtimes are one of the commonest causes of decay. Chewing gum penetrates and cleans out all the tiny nooks and crannies that a toothbrush misses. The best chewing gum is, of course, Wrigley's. It's delicously refreshing to the palate and also soothing to the nerves.

YOU can try it free. Something new—different. Benbow's Pocket Greyhound Race Game. All readers of *John Bull* should welcome this unique opportunity to obtain this pocket Greyhound Race Game, which will be sent to you free by the makers of Benbow's Dog Mixture. It is different from anything you have seen—exciting as well. Only one free game can be obtained by any reader of *John Bull*. If you would like a pocket Greyhound Race Game write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to Benbow's Dog Mixture Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., 2, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1. Hurry! before it is too late. There is only a limited number available. See page 26.

FREE.—Before you decide on your holidays, get this free information. Send a postcard to Room H.C.T.9, L.M.S. Railway, Euston House, London, N.W.1, for a copy of "Holiday Contract Tickets" folder, containing maps and full details of holiday areas on the L.M.S. Railway. Get full information of these bargains in holiday travel, by which you can visit new places every day for only a few shillings a week. See page 31.

NAIL BITING.—Free booklet sent privately for 1½d. stamp explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Pilter, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.11), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

Public Enemy—Lord Halsbury, K.C.

Hardinge Goulburn Giffard, Earl of Halsbury

HARDINGE GOULBURN GIFFARD, Earl of Halsbury, son of one of England's greatest Lord Chancellors.

Unhappily his type—men using their distinguished names to deceive investors—is not rare these days, but he is one of the worst in his category.

Lord Halsbury, whom you see on the left, as noted at one time for the rapier thrusts of his questions on public affairs in the House of Lords.

A King's Counsel and former Recorder of Carmarthen, he is, at the age of fifty-seven, the central figure of a grave scandal concerning property companies with which he has been associated.

He is now in Paris. That was stated at the opening of his bankruptcy proceedings recently. Letters addressed to him there by the court officials remain unanswered.

Official enquiries have been made into his financial activities during the last four or five years. The outcome will be sensational.

Investments made in companies, in which he figured prominently, have resulted in losses of thousands of pounds by many unfortunate people.

There is no doubt that they relied on his name when they bought the shares.

It has been established that Lord Halsbury must have known beforehand of the bad records of certain men who promoted one concern to which he lent his name for a financial consideration.

The General Mortgage Society (Great Britain), Ltd., is included in the group of companies which the police have been investigating.

Henry James Greville, the actual executive head, bolted to France when irregularities were first detected.

Lord Halsbury was closely associated with Greville and was a director of the company.

He, too, went off to Paris after a receiving order had been made against him.

The trail led to the Marlborough Property Society, Ltd. James Moffatt was behind this.

He has disappeared and the police recently took possession of the vacated offices near Piccadilly Circus, London.

Lord Halsbury was also closely associated with Moffatt, and had been on the board of another of his companies.

Sent to Prison for 2s.

ARTHUR PEACOCK, working man, of Elm Villas, High Street, Harlington, Middlesex, has spent ten days in Brixton Prison in circumstances which demand immediate and searching enquiry. I am inclined to the view that the treatment he received amounted to false imprisonment.

In October, 1936, Peacock was committed to ten days' imprisonment for non-payment of a debt of £3 15s., but the order was suspended so long as he paid by monthly instalments of 2s.

Owing to his sudden removal to hospital, the payment due in February, 1937, was not made until the following month, when two instalments were paid to put the matter right.

Yet two months ago—more than twelve months after the slight delay in one payment of 2s.—he was whisked off to Brixton.

This unfortunate man was arrested in full view of his workmates when waiting for a 'bus.

He asked the bailiff if he would go with him to his home and see the receipts showing that all instalments had been paid up to date. No!—if he could not pay the full remaining amount due he would have to go to Brixton there and then.

Bewildered, he asked to see the Governor as soon as he arrived in prison. He was advised to write to the Registrar of Uxbridge County Court.

He did so. Read the astonishing reply:—

"You were committed on 13/10/36, the order being suspended on payment of 2s. a month.

"On 22/2/37 you had paid 6s. into court and were 2s. in arrears; therefore the warrant was issued. The fact that you have paid 2s. a month since then does not suspend the warrant."

Note the word "therefore." You would think it was just a clear-cut routine matter.

Actually the original commitment order stated that if he fell in arrear with any instalment a warrant *may* be issued, without further notice, for him to pay the whole remaining sum due or go to prison.

But here is the utter ridiculousness of the action taken. The court authorities had received that one payment a month late and all other instalments due right up to the time he was arrested.

* * *

Even if he was 2s. in arrear on February 22 when the warrant was granted, would it not have been common-sense and bare justice for those who secured the warrant to ensure that it was withdrawn when the overdue instalment was offered and accepted a few days later?

Also, why was the warrant used more than twelve months later when Peacock was paying his debt regularly?

The whole business is a disgraceful blunder. I am determined it shall not rest where it is

Eyesight Quacks are Busy Again

QUACK opticians are still thriving. The latest ramp I have investigated makes it more urgent than ever that the Government should act on the advice of the Lord Chief Justice, given when he dismissed an action brought against JOHN BULL by a dangerous eyesight meddler we had exposed.

Lord Hewart expressed the hope that soon there would be a law to compel the establishment of a register of qualified opticians.

That was more than six months ago and nothing has been done.

Meanwhile concerns like the Anglo-American Optical Company (England), Ltd., of 1a and 2a, South Hill Park, London, N.W.3, are letting loose on the country increasing numbers of men and women who pose as qualified opticians.

They are no more able to give expert eyesight advice than your grocer.

This is what happens. A postal course is offered for a fee of about £5.

Just twelve lessons and then students are asked to answer, also by post, a few simple questions.

After they spend two or three days at the company's Hampstead factory, "to gain a thorough practical knowledge of sight testing," they are handed their impressive-looking "diplomas."

They can now, it is claimed, append to their names the letters "F.L.S.O. —Fellow of the London School of Optics."

Need I mention that they are expected to buy the equipment for their businesses from the Anglo-American Optical Company!

Actually, there is a thoroughly reputable institution known as the School of Optics, Ltd., Guilford Place, London, W.C.1.

It does not act as an examining body, but sends its students to sit for the examinations of officially recognised organisations like the British Optical Association and the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers.

Not unnaturally the worthless diploma issued by the Anglo-American Optical Company is often confused with the School of Optics, Ltd., much to their embarrassment and annoyance.

My advice is: Beware of any so-called opticians flaunting the letters "F.L.S.O." after their names. If you have trouble with your eyes, your doctor will give you the name of a genuinely qualified optician.

When *will* people learn to keep clear of these pestering firms offering to find capital for struggling businesses?

Every day I receive enquiries and complaints about them.

At the moment a great many concern Morton and Co., Clapham Road, London, whose dubious methods have been exposed more than once in JOHN BULL.

Last time was eighteen months ago when, as a sideline, they were running a plundering debt collecting agency.

Now, apparently, they secure deposits from shopkeepers to cover preliminary expenses and undertake to return part of the money if the capital required is not forthcoming.

One disillusioned man, who is vainly trying to get his money back, was also put to the expense of having a draft lease prepared by a solicitor.

He was told this was essential for the capital-finding negotiations. His last five letters to Morton and Co. have remained unanswered.

If you do want capital for your business, consult your bank manager. All these advertised and circularised offers are just fee-snatching rackets.

Sir Wyndham Childs

Be Warned!

PEOPLE tempted to invest their money in the cultivation of soya beans have already been warned by the President of the Board of Trade that they would be taking a very great risk.

Yet I am still being flooded with letters asking for my opinion on this kind of speculation.

My advice is a big DON'T.

Generally the offers are in the form of £10 units.

These are described as holdings of one-fortieth of an acre—1,089 square feet. There is impressive phraseology about these holdings being registered in the names of the investors.

Actually, those who buy them are really "buying" nothing!

The only profits your investment can derive are from the crops which the company undertakes to plant, cultivate and harvest on the land represented by your "units."

Your purchase does not give you actual ownership of the land. For all the say you have in the matter, that may be mortgaged.

Suppose the persons holding the mortgage foreclose and take possession of the land because the company cannot meet its liabilities, everything that is on the land—and under it—also passes to them. That means your crops.

All, therefore, that is left to the "unit" investors is the guarantee of the company to pay them a percentage of the net profits of the company from the crops.

Most prominent of the concerns seeking your money on these highly risky terms is the Soya Bean Cultivation and By-Products, Ltd., Potters Farm, Eweime, Oxford.

The man behind this, W. Hughes, is also the presiding genius of the Berkshire Livestock Farms, Ltd., a very highly speculative affair about which JOHN BULL has warned its readers.

In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Cockfield, Suffolk. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.

Here, there, everywhere, in the most unexpected places it is possible to buy Player's "Medium" Navy Cut Cigarettes—the favourite of millions. The vast demand which makes this possible guarantees their unfailing freshness and proves their great popularity.

PLAYER'S MILD NAVY CUT CIGARETTES are not so well known as the popular Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes, but if your taste is for a mild and very smooth smoke, ask for Player's "MILD." An old-established brand, the prices are the same as for "Medium."

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES • "MEDIUM" OR "MILD" • PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED • 10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½D

N.C.C.431D

Preying on women by tricking them into bogus marriages is the underworld's newest and biggest racket. It must be stamped out!

Thirty Wanted Bigamists

Jailed—Norman Dobson, who has preyed on women for years. He was sentenced recently to twelve months for bigamy and fraud

BIGAMY has become one of the biggest criminal trades.

Police estimate there are more than thirty professional bigamists now preying on women in this country.

"Here we have bigamy made almost an occupation," declared Mr. Gerald Dodson, Recorder of London, recently when he sentenced Reginald Wright Hughes, merciless bigamy expert, at the Old Bailey.

When arrested this fascinating scoundrel was arranging to "marry" a girl who would have been his sixth known "wife."

Wright Hughes posed to women as an officer of the British Secret Service, and explained his absences by saying he had been suddenly called away on mysterious missions abroad.

Bidding affectionate farewell to a tearful "wife," he went away under sealed orders—to move to another district, and begin his bogus marriage racket all over again.

So prevalent is this crime against womanhood that now at each Old Bailey sessions a court is set aside for one day for bigamy cases.

Officials call it "Bigamy Day." Often from six to ten charges are dealt with by the judge.

In the dock on "Bigamy Day" varied types of men are seen. Some are of good education, with a pretence to breeding and spurious claims to relationship with titled families.

Then there is a class posing as retired civil servants with comfortable pensions, and a desire to find a suitable partner for secure middle age.

Men returned from the colonies to find a wife and make a home in the old country. Men who have just disposed of a profitable business, and need, therefore, a domestic partner.

Thus the tales of shattered romance run on.

Dupes of the professional bigamist are mostly middle-aged women, who are lonely and need companionship. Invariably they hold investments or own property, which can easily be turned into ready money.

Without the essential dowry the women would escape. The professional bigamist is after money and money only.

Often, according to the records, the meeting of bigamist and victim is arranged—quite in good faith—through some matrimonial agency.

To safeguard the public, JOHN BULL presents here a "Bigamists' Black List" of some of the most notorious offenders, with a description of their technique.

Mostly the names used are assumed.

"GEORGE MALCOLM," whose name, of course, varies, is about forty years, and describes himself as the touring representative of a Dominions firm with offices in London.

By a chance meeting at a London hotel Malcolm became friendly with a widow, and told her of the pleasures of life in Cape Town. He said he had a salary of £1,500, large expenses allowance, and savings of £1,500.

Eventually they "married," and went to the Isle of Wight for the honeymoon. There Malcolm persuaded his "wife" to give him control of her savings, and shareholdings in a prosperous drapery combine.

Then one morning he walked out of the hotel—and vanished. The "wife" waited forlornly and in vain for his return.

Finally she went to the police, to learn that Malcolm had "married" or proposed to women on several occasions and had been to prison for bigamy and other offences.

*

"ALBERT ROBINSON," known also as Roberts and Reade, has been preying on women since 1925.

This scoundrel went through a form of marriage with a Yorkshire woman, and a few months later decamped with all her savings.

Within a year he had married again—"Wife" No. Three. Again the same sequel.

A period in jail intervened, but soon after his release Robinson became a "bridegroom" for the fourth time, and secured several hundred pounds by his bogus marriage.

He is now wanted, not only for bigamy, but for obtaining money by false pretences from several women.

*

"CHARLES MORRISON," thirty-six years old, handsome and debonair, "married" at a Sussex register office some months ago.

He met his bride through answering an advertisement in a matrimonial journal, and impressed the unfortunate woman by his story of being the senior partner in a large estate agency.

He took £300 from his "wife" and then left home on a business journey from which there was no return. "Mrs. Morrison" then discovered her "husband" was a bigamist.

Another of his wives was the owner of a small country stores. He married this woman under the name of Hugh Morrison, and persuaded hef to give him £1,500—all her savings—for investment in a spurious building scheme.

"WILLIAM DAWSON," genial, well-mannered, and many named, is another skilled swindler who uses the matrimonial agencies.

Not long ago he induced a woman to hand over her business to him for disposal pending their marriage and departure abroad, where he was supposed to have property.

He sold the business, pocketed the proceeds, and the woman heard nothing more of the projected marriage

Later he met another woman, married her bigamously, and then vanished with all her money.

Shortly after, in another district, he obtained money from a third woman to whom he had promised marriage and absconded.

*

"HENRY STEPHENS" is an elderly professional bigamist of the worst type, and has a string of bogus marriages to his discredit.

Included in his convictions is one of two years' imprisonment with hard labour for bigamy and fraud. The Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions said of him that he used "marriage" as a means to "prey on women" He usually obtains his introductions to wealthy women through a correspondence club in London.

*

"FREDERICK THOMAS"—that is not his real name, but the latest—poses alternatively as a commercial traveller and an ex-officer of the Guards.

By two of his bigamies obtained more than £1,400

He gains women's sympathy by telling them hard-luck stories.

He is a man of good education, with wealthy relatives—and a dangerous menace to any woman.

*

BERTRAM FERNER, of Bromley, Kent, has been sent to five years' penal servitude—but the public should know of his unsavoury exploits.

Ferner, forty-five years old, and well-connected, posed as a mining engineer with a big business in South Africa.

He certainly spent money freely. But this money was harvested from women and girls to whom he either proposed marriage, or whom he "married." He wheedled sums ranging from £20 to £300 from them.

A really bad crook this Bertram Ferner.

*

POLICE CHIEFS are convinced that only by heavier sentences can the menace of the professional bigamist be suppressed. Their difficulty is that often when a bigamist is caught, his women dupes refuse to give evidence for a fraud prosecution, in addition to a bigamy charge.

They still retain a feeling in their hearts for their despoilers.

For bigamy alone comparatively light sentences have been the rule for several years past.

That is what makes the professional bigamist think that the game is worth the risk.

When and Wear

Not from the B.B.C.

Who strolls forth clad in chessboard tweed
And hat of vivid green,
Hot socks and red-and-yellow tie,
On this much can at least rely—
He'll certainly be seen!

But (here's a puzzling paradox),
Though he might cause a stir
If thus he dressed to plead in court,
The Judge would tell him, dry and short:
"I cannot see you, sir!"

Conspicuous and yet unseen,
Vociferous yet mute,
Among a sober-coated crowd
His clothes would be considered "loud,"
Yet none would hear his "suit"!

THE latest perpetrator of a sartorial *faux pas* was a Salisbury solicitor, who appeared at Warminster (Wilts) County Court wearing a grey suit.

Informed by Judge Kirkhouse Jenkins: "I refuse to hear you dressed as you are," he began to apologise and explain, but was cut short and told: "There are people in this town who supply clothing upholding the dignity of this Court."

So there was an adjournment until the culprit returned enveloped in a blue suit borrowed from another solicitor and obviously too large, but apparently in keeping with the dignity of the Court.

Why a grey suit should clash with a law suit is one of life's minor mysteries.

Nor is it any easier to explain why it is thought disrespectful for a man to appear in court with, or a woman without, a hat.

And why do Harrow schoolboys and meat salesmen at Smithfield Market share an old-world taste for straw boaters?

This whole business of what to wear and where to wear it is becoming altogether too complicated.

I am, for instance, solemnly informed that to wear the same kind of rig-out for tennis and punting is to proclaim oneself an utter cad.

Still, if one does not pay *too* much attention to the dress snobs, matters can be so arranged that a good time is had by all.

My wardrobe's not expensive,
But I've furnished it with care;
I have a suit for country
And a suit for city wear;
And if I wish to golf or ride,
My wants can promptly be supplied.

For shootin' or for fishin',
Or for visits to the zoo
Or County Court, my wardrobe
Won't fail me, since there're two—
One dark, one light—suits hanging there,
Each with of pants an extra pair!

Y. Z.

JUNE 4, 1938

THE GIRL in the WOODEN DRESS—

WHEN the dictators met a few weeks ago they had a secret, half-hour interview.

All the "diplomatic correspondents" made guesses as to what they discussed. But all agreed about one possible subject—the success of Hitler's and Mussolini's chemists in making their countries independent of natural raw materials.

Indeed, a famous French paper made a joke about the subject.

They ran a biting cartoon of Hitler and Mussolini sitting side by side on a couch, and Mussolini saying to Hitler: "If you'll show me how to make your coal-dust butter, I'll show you how to knit a macaroni jumper."

But there is no joke at all about what the chemists have achieved in beating Nature at her own game.

Some of their discoveries have been born out of that necessity which is the mother of all invention.

In the case of the dictator countries it is lack of enough cash to buy ample supplies of raw materials, and the necessity of building up reserves for war—or the threats of it.

But there is a lesson, too, in these developments—a warning if you like—for world industry and the arts of peace.

★ First of all is synthetic rubber. The world uses about one million tons of plantation rubber annually. Nearly £60,000,000 is invested in rubber plantations and in the firms which prepare the raw stuff for market.

The rubber trees support more than a million workers in the forests of Malay and Brazil and in the factories of Europe and America.

Rubber builds mansions for the magnates as well as enabling you to ride smoothly to your work or pleasure. The whole world runs on rubber.

Yet from his test tubes, and using common ingredients like chlorine and sulphur, the chemist can now turn out better rubber than ever came from a tree.

Last year 110,000 tons of synthetic rubber—more than one-tenth of the natural output—was manufactured in Russia, Germany and the U.S.A.

Germany's chemists call their artificial rubber "Buna." Endless tests have proved that it beats the natural product for many purposes.

Tyre mileages are up 50 per cent. Because of its superior "aging" qualities, tyre walls do not crack, and its resistance to corrosion prolongs its wear.

The present output of "Buna" is limited to military use—surely sufficient testimonial to this "imitation" stuff.

Neoprene, Thiokol and AXF are the names of three of America's synthetic rubber products.

All are better than natural rubber for insulating electric cables and for use as pads in shock absorbers.

They are not attacked so much by temperature, oil, atmosphere and acids, and are more elastic.

Russia marches in millions of pairs of imitation rubber boots, faces its winters in coverings made of the same material.

★ At present artificial rubber is dearer than the natural product. But with increased output the price will go down. And that will be soon.

In a few years' time, according to a report recently ordered by President Roosevelt, a chemical plant occupying one acre will be producing as much rubber as a great tropical plantation.

And what will happen then? That is the problem which faces plantation capitalists and our colonial administrators.

When chemists produced synthetic indigo a generation ago they kicked the bottom out of a great Empire industry. Will it happen again with rubber?

And what is Britain doing about this new development? Nothing.

While other countries are building factories for turning out artificial rubber, most of them with Government support, our biggest chemical combine, Imperial Chemical Industries, imports its Neoprene.

Britain, of course, is the largest owner of natural rubber forests. But, in time of trouble, Malay is a long way away.

Also, the hand of the great vested interests in the plantations is bound to lie heavily on this competition by man-made stuff.

But whether Mincing Lane and Throgmorton Street like it or not, this imitation rubber has arrived. One-tenth of the world's output already! Time we began to think about it.

In the textile field Nature has had another smack in the eye from the scientists.

Everybody knows about the artificial silk which the chemist makes out of wood pulp and chemicals.

If it put the silkworm and some of China's millions out of business, at least it has created other giant industries and new employment in the Western world.

And Mary Ann Smith goes as softly clad as Lady Vere de Vere. Which is a gain all round.

But now we have artificial wool and synthetic cotton born out of the test tube and pushing their way in the new world. And that is another matter.

Artificial wool—"Lahital" is the name given to it by the chemists—has been developed in Italy and backed by all the resources of the State.

Half a dozen countries have secured patent rights, and scores of factories are being built.

★ This is not the place to go into the lengthy chemical processes involved, but the fibres, blown out in filaments and spun, are claimed to have all the beauty of wool, as well as its warmth, wearing and dyeing qualities.

Fabrics made of the new imitation wool are already on sale in Paris, New York, Berlin and London.

It may seem strange to put on underwear that originally came out of the dairy, but that is the next step.

Bradford, home of Britain's woollen industry, is watching this synthetic wool with some interest, and Australia's sheep farmers with fear.

But there is a lighter side. For synthetic wool offers a slightly farcical solution to the Milk Marketing Board's problems.

The surplus milk which at present it will not give or sell cheaply to little children might at least be turned into clothes for their backs.

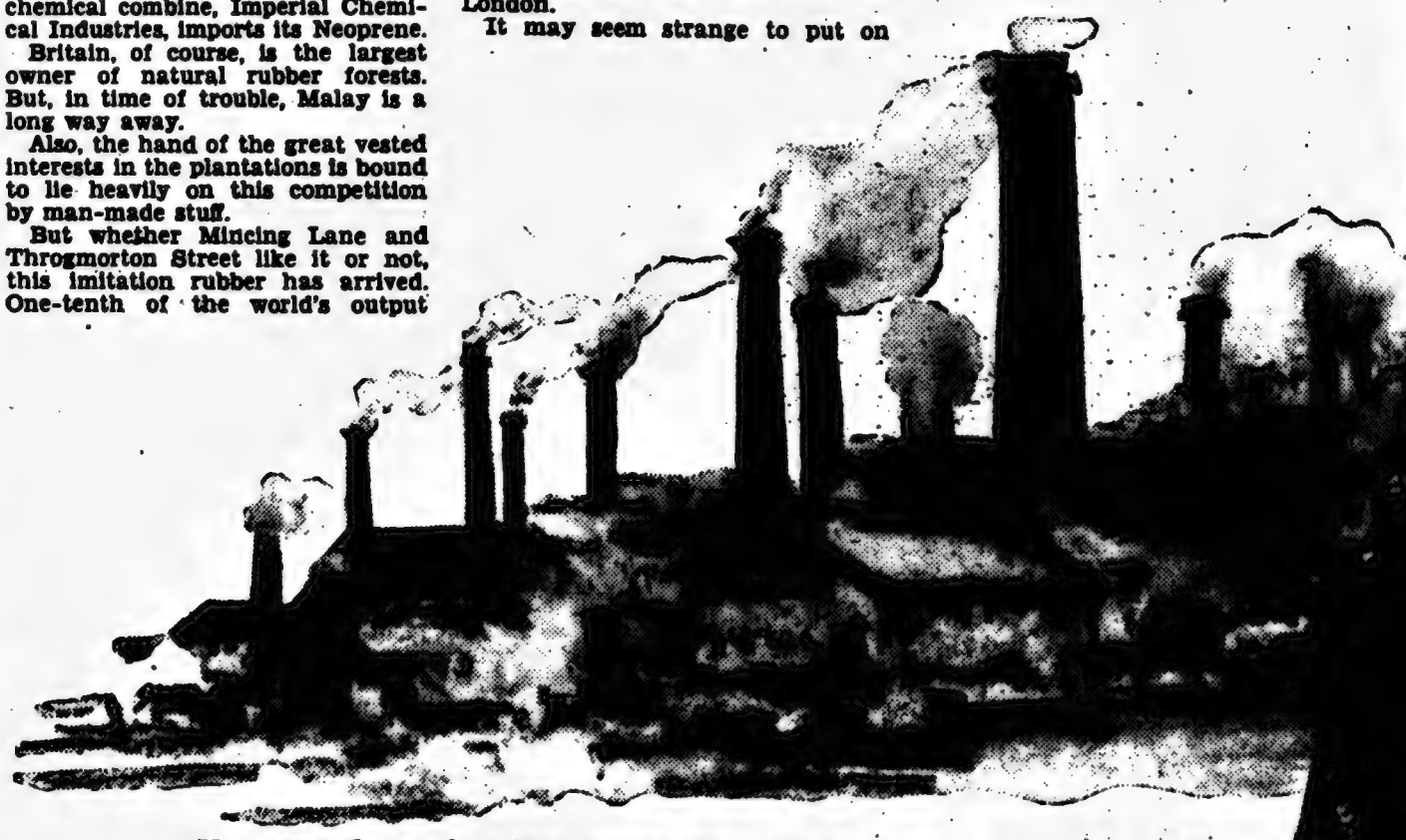
The cotton-growing industry, one of the world's biggest, has long been laughing at the difficulties of other textile producers.

But now it has stopped laughing. The chemists have succeeded in making *synthetic cotton*, and at once the security of the cotton fields of Egypt, Sudan, India and the southern States of America meets a direct menace.

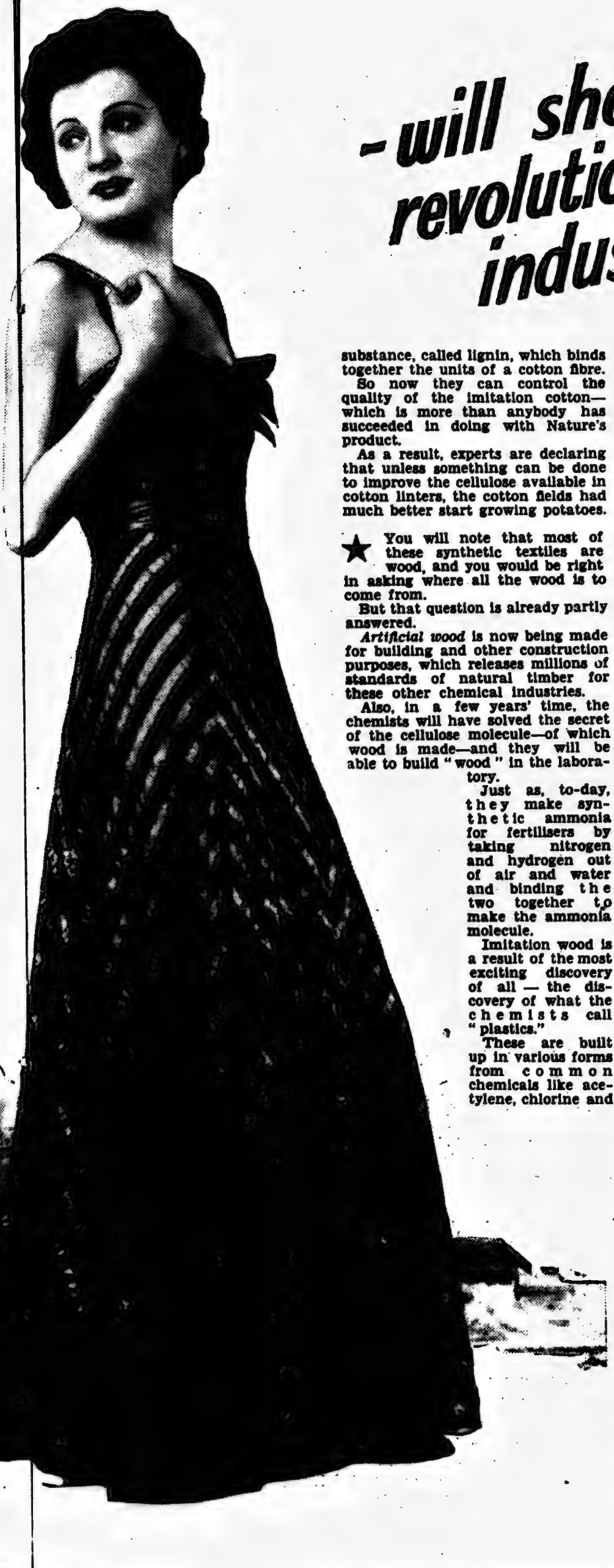
They call it Alpha-cellulose, and it is made from wood—from cheap, common, quick-growing woods which have hitherto been regarded as unsuitable for chemical treatment.

The fibre of this imitation cotton is stronger and of as good quality as the natural stuff and it *can be made more cheaply*.

Chemists have even faked the



Vast new industries have been created, others brought to ruin, because Miss 1938 parades in attractive dresses made from wood. Now, not content with producing synthetic textiles from trees, the world's chemists are making artificial trees to build our homes!



—will she revolutionise industry?

substance, called lignin, which binds together the units of a cotton fibre.

So now they can control the quality of the imitation cotton—which is more than anybody has succeeded in doing with Nature's product.

As a result, experts are declaring that unless something can be done to improve the cellulose available in cotton linters, the cotton fields had much better start growing potatoes.

★ You will note that most of these synthetic textiles are wood, and you would be right in asking where all the wood is to come from.

But that question is already partly answered.

Artificial wood is now being made for building and other construction purposes, which releases millions of standards of natural timber for these other chemical industries.

Also, in a few years' time, the chemists will have solved the secret of the cellulose molecule—of which wood is made—and they will be able to build "wood" in the laboratory.

Just as, to-day, they make synthetic ammonia for fertilisers by taking nitrogen and hydrogen out of air and water and binding the two together to make the ammonia molecule.

Imitation wood is a result of the most exciting discovery of all — the discovery of what the chemists call "plastics."

These are built up in various forms from common chemicals like acetylene, chlorine and sulphur. By varying the quantities and treatment all kinds of remarkable substitutes can be made.

With a heap of powder, a mould and a press, you can make tables, chairs, wall panels, or any other article you may desire, in one operation.

Imitation wood is not only stronger and lighter than the real thing, but cannot warp or rot.

It can be turned out in any colour or surface pattern, is proof against damp and dirt, and practically everlasting.

The house of the near future will be built of it.

Out of a similar group of chemicals called synthetic resins has come another dramatic discovery—imitation metals.

In hundreds of ways these are now supplanting the metals laboriously mined and worked by hand.

There is talk of the approaching world famine in certain metals as the mines and deposits get worked out. Never mind. The chemists have already provided against that.

You find these "resins"—not quite the kind of resin you put on a fiddle bow—in such places as motor-car frames, ship superstructures and even aeroplane fuselages.

They have all the strength of metals and have longer life. They cannot corrode, and labour is saved in dozens of directions because they can be moulded in one piece.

At the great Krupp works in Essen they are actually using imitation metals as bearings for some of their giant machinery. They need only water for lubrication.

So hard-up Germany makes a double saving—in metal and oil.

Next out of the chemist's magic box comes imitation glass.

It is clearer than the best optical glass as well as lighter and stronger.

Gun-turrets on aeroplanes are being made of it, and soon the cabin walls; so that passengers will travel in a kind of glasshouse, able to see all round, above and below.

Your spectacles, and even lenses for telescopes, field-glasses and microscopes are being made of this latest imitation.

No more laborious grinding and polishing. It can be moulded at once to the right optical shape.

★ Even Nature's greatest trump card—food—has been called by the chemist. No longer need we be dependent on her vagaries, on the hazards of drought, flood and poor soil.

Artificial crops are here, artificial in the sense that they are grown without soil.

They have given a long Greek name to this new trick—hydroponics.

But it is simple enough. Seeds are sown on a mesh-bottomed tray. Under the tray is a tank full of chemical food made up of the ingredients of the soil.

This fluid is warmed electrically. The roots push through the mesh and draw in nourishment. The plants grow—but much quicker than in their natural state—and the crop is harvested. Then another is sown.

Three or four crops a year and no starved soil to worry about. And as the crop—grain or potatoes, tomatoes or cabbage—is garnered it can be dried by a new vacuum process so that a potato looks as big as a pea, and stored for future use.

When it is wanted, only water need be added. Neither taste nor food value suffers.

You have heard a lot lately about vitamins, those essential substances without which food is useless.

There are synthetic vitamins now. They can be added to common or poor quality food to make up its deficiencies.

It is possible to sit down to a plate, say, of potato starch, and find in it all the vital ingredients of a three-course meal of roast beef, vegetables and fruit.

★ Not as pleasant-looking perhaps. But these imitation foods and imitation life substances, like the hormones—which control your physical condition—are going to have profound effects on the human race.

For the chemist is pushing spectres like world food famines into history.

One other important result of all these artificial substances is the breaking of the great national monopolies.

We are no longer dependent on Japan for camphor, the American hardwood forests for methylated spirit. Chili for nitrate fertilisers.

All these things are being made in factories.

Germany, America and Britain—on a small scale—are getting petroleum out of brown coal; and a pure artificial spirit has already arrived, made out of carbon and hydrogen.

★ Just announced is artificial soap—soap which contains no fats. Germany is making thousands of tons of it. It is harmless, just as cleansing, and better for some purposes than the familiar cake in the bathroom.

Look at these tremendous developments as a whole. There is a big lesson in them for Britain.

We are being left behind in both discovery and development of artificial raw materials.

There may be reasons for our backwardness. The Empire's wealth in natural raw materials is one, and the vested interests which control that wealth is another.

But unless we look out, those great natural resources are not going to be such an asset.

Britain's Government spends 1 per cent. of revenue in research; Germany, Russia, Italy and the U.S.A. .35 per cent. each. That is a situation which must be ended.

We need these great new industries badly—if only to give work to those million and a half unemployed who have little or no hope of absorption in the older industries.

So far, there has been only muddle, neglect and wrong planning.

Plastics and artificial woods cost three times as much in this country as in any other—all because of wasteful organisation and competition.

Other industries have not even begun.

We must stop sacrificing the possibility of new home industries for the sake of vested interests in tropical and distant countries.

We must get ready to greet and profit by the "imitation age" which is here.

STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN TO WOMEN

It's a popular belief that thrills and adventure are for "men only" and that circumstances condemn women to humdrum, uneventful lives.
But it is not true. Often far stranger things happen to women than any that befall mere man.
On this page "John Bull" begins a fascinating series by leading women writers, each of whom tells a story of real-life adventures that have happened to women. They are packed with thrills and drama.

We tied his arms behind his back in four places

THREE GIRLS and a KILLER

By Helena Frost

—an American, who married an English doctor. She has been a reporter in New York, London, Paris, and correspondent for an American newspaper in Italy. Has also published a novel—"Four Were Possessed"

TERROR is a strong word, but not too strong to describe that night in those evil New Jersey Woods

Joan, Anita and I—three very independent young women—had planned to drive 150 miles out of New York to inspect a holiday camp for Anita's small brother.

We knew we should have to go through fifty miles of backwoods country, not pleasant at any time, and just then particularly ill-famed for a brutal murder.

It was wild, dangerous country, a "hide-out" for men wanted by police in adjoining States.

We bore this in mind, and decided upon an early start to avoid the danger of the woods after dark.

But from the start our trip was fated. We were barely under way when it began to rain.

I was for turning back. But Anita is the kind of girl who finishes everything she starts. So we went on.

And our bad luck with us. . . .

Soon we discovered that Anita's new car was a faulty factory job. First, the starter jammed. Next, a door wouldn't close and had to be tied with string.

Then a whining began. Finally the car stopped.

We were still in populated country, and we found a garage mechanic, who told us that we had burnt a bearing, or nearly burnt it.

I am vague about this, because I don't know about cars.

Repairs took three hours, and then the job was doubtful. Again I wanted to turn back. Again Anita said "Excelsior!" Again we went on.

And again our bad luck went with us, for we lost the wind-shield wiper and Joan and I had to keep our heads out of the windows to tell Anita what was coming.

The rain pelted my face. I felt it stream off my beret, under my coat and down my back.

And this was a joy-ride!

We were now in lonely country, woods crowding in on both sides.

"I'd hate to come through here at night," Joan said.

"We'll stay at the camp until morning," said Anita. So even she found the woods frightening. And no wonder!

This was a highway, and it was a Sunday afternoon, yet we did not pass a dozen cars.

But our bad luck was still with us. . . .

This time it was sign-posts. They should have been there, but they weren't. In the hinterland of America it's easy to take the wrong road, to keep turning and get lost.

And that's what happened to us.

We stopped to ask the way, but nobody had heard of the microscopic place on the map we were looking for. Whenever we stopped the starter jammed. Somehow we retraced thirty miles and found the road again.

It was nine o'clock and almost dark when we found the dirt road that led to the boys' camp. In another half-hour we negotiated the ruts, deep in mud. Then we saw a light, and it looked wonderful to us.

We were chattering with cold and wet, and we longed for refuge. Mud squelched under our feet as we left the car.

Refuge! A tiny boarded hut was the "office." The rest of the camp was under canvas.

We pictured the tents, soaked with the day's rain, and we decided we could keep drier in the car.

So, after refilling our Thermos flask and petrol tank, we started back—back through those fifty sinister miles of woods.

And, of course, our bad luck went back with us.

Nearing the end of the dirt road, we stuck in the mud! Joan was at the wheel.

It was beginning to appear as if we should have to stay there all night, when suddenly we heard voices.

I stood on the running-board to reconnoitre, saw a shaft of light, framed in shadow, and halloed as loudly as I could.

Then I was sorry for the impulse, because the shadow was too small for a respectable dwelling. I was fearful of the inmates of a shanty.

Through the rectangle of light bulked men's figures. I counted five, and warned Anita: "Grab the crank!"

The men were ready to help, and, bringing a rope, they pulled us out of the mud on to the macadam.

So far they seemed all right. But we were anxious to be off. Joan pushed her foot down hard upon the starter.

Of course, it jammed again. This time hopelessly—for ever.

"Got a crank, lady?" one of the men asked. Anita was gripping our only weapon, and we hated to have her part with it. But the man used it and returned it.

"Better keep moving," he said; "she's tough cranking!"

"We'll keep moving," Joan said grimly, as we moved off. "And I'll step on it!"

The road was wide, the rain had stopped, and Joan stepped. But the car didn't. "Won't do more than thirty-five," she said.

Thirty-five. Through fifty miles of desolate woods. . . .

We watched for a house. We would have sheltered in the meanest of cottages. We even wished we were back at the camp, shivering under canvas.

But we saw not a single dwelling, and we were doomed to our snail's pace through the woods.

Mile after mile we ploughed deeper and deeper into the black silence.

Then at last we heard the bark of another engine. We were glad and we were afraid.

It was fine to think we were no longer alone. It was dreadful not to know who was coming up behind us.

I lifted the back curtain to see.

Out of the night winked the eye of a motor-cycle.

"A State Trooper!" Anita said. "They patrol these roads, you know."

"Let's ask him if he'll guide us through."

But I looked back again and fear gripped my throat. I had one of those paralysing moments when I wanted to cry out and couldn't.

At last I gasped: "Don't slow down! It isn't a Trooper!"

Shadowed against the night, man and motor-cycle bore down upon us.

Anita said: "He isn't out for any good—not on a night like this—in these woods. Oh, if we could only go faster ——" It was almost a prayer.

"Can't," Joan gasped. "Not more than thirty-five. But he should have

(Continued on page 24)

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A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME

The new Robin plan for easy starching

"Quite an assortment to starch to-day! Two tablecloths (*the family's been careful this week*), four aprons, six soft collars, four pillowslips, four cotton shirts, two overalls, four children's cotton dresses (*including Dorothy's favourite, the one with the buttercups*), one dozen handkerchiefs (*wish that boy wouldn't think that handkerchiefs are pen-wipers*). Well, that looks like the lot. Who'd be a Mother! Never mind, it's easy enough with Robin. And it's amazing how far 3 tablespoons of Robin can go—if you know how!"

JUST TO TELL YOU HOW!

Reckitt's have just published an interesting little booklet "A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME." It tells you how easy and economical starching can be. It is offered to you FREE! You ought to have it. Post the coupon below for your copy.

Sort your washing into groups according to the degree of stiffness they require.

1 *Take 3 tablespoons of Robin Starch; mix to a cream with cold water, add boiling water—about a quart—stirring until the starch becomes clear.*

2 *A suitable strength is made by adding six pints of cold water. Dip and wring out the tablecloths, aprons and soft collars.*

3 *For the pillowslips, cotton shirts, overalls and children's cotton frocks, add seven more pints of water; or take about half of the starch left over and add four pints of cold water.*

4 *Finally for the handkerchiefs take a basinful of the remaining starch and an equal amount of water; this will give you the right weak starch for the hankies.*

Ironing. After wringing out the starched articles roll up in a dry towel and leave for an hour or two. Always use a sufficiently hot iron.

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Quaker's Biggest Breakfast Offer!

WE GIVE YOU THIS *Free!*

Quickly—before your grocer runs out of them! He won't have many left now, there's been such a rush for them . . . and no wonder! Packets of delicious crackling Quaker Corn Flakes *free* with packets of crisp, crunchy 'Puffed' Wheat! You buy the 'Puffed' Wheat for 6½d. and the Corn Flakes go with it absolutely free! But first you must fill in a coupon which your grocer will give you. Call in today! He may not have any coupons left by tomorrow.

YOU BUY THIS!

Two treats for the price of one! What's the motive behind Quaker's great double offer? To convince you that there are no better tasting corn flakes than those sold and guaranteed under the great name of Quaker. And when you *do* taste them, you'll agree they're the crispest, crunchiest corn flakes you've ever had. QUAKER Corn Flakes are made crisp and stay crisp thanks to the special triple wrapping. Don't miss your chance of trying them *free!*

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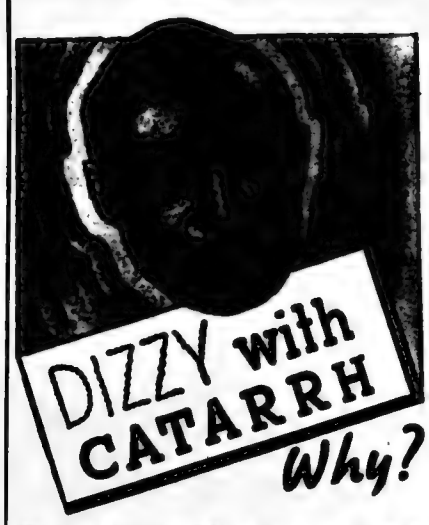

Why allow yourself to become "absolutely dizzy with catarrh"—you have then reached the danger-point. Many a dangerous illness has resulted from a neglected "simple cold."

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POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

P.7

Continuing

Three Girls and a Killer

passed us long ago. What's he sticking behind for?"

"Following," I said, "and getting too close. Trying to look in—see who we are, how many. If he finds we're just girls——"

I yanked down the curtain and picked up the crank. Anita picked up the Thermos flask, which was still full and heavy.

The motor-cycle sputtered close behind. Then it was level with us. A face peered through the window. An evil face.

Anita started to shout, and I clapped a hand over her mouth. "Don't!" I said, close to her ear. "If he hears women's voices—just women——"

The bark of the motor-cycle took on a higher note. It sped ahead and cut across our path.

"Why, he's trying to drive us into the side!" cried Joan. "If he does it again I'll run him down."

Then once more the motor-cyclist swerved in on us. He was certainly trying to ditch us.

Joan headed straight for him. Only the acceleration of his machine saved him.

He shot away down the road.

We stopped, with the engine running, to decide what to do. Was the man a bandit or a murderer?

We could remember no side-road, and we dare not make a break through the woods.

If we turned back, there was nothing to stop the man turning back, too.

Behind was thirty miles of desolate country. Ahead another twenty. The only thing to do was to go on.

"And next time he starts his cutting-in I won't miss him," said Joan fiercely, as she put the car in gear.

Anita and I took firmer grips on our inadequate weapons.

We rounded a bend, and found the motor-cyclist had dismounted. The way he pretended to tinker with his machine did not fool us.

He had fixed his headlight so that it would pick us out as we went by.

In our own headlights we saw his evil face again. A gleam of eyes under the peak of a cap. A loose wetness of mouth. The face of a nightmare.

He gave us a start, then leapt on his machine and came after us.

"Cat and mouse," Anita said. "Three mice——"

With my left hand on the door, I gripped the crank with my right. Anita was ready at the other door; Joan was tense at the wheel.

The motor-cyclist came level with us, but did not try to pass. He started to edge us into the ditch.

Joan swore because the car wouldn't go faster, collide harder. Then she went for him. There was the thud of impact and the screech of brakes as Joan used them automatically.

It took a second to see the crash had not been hard enough. The man had been thrown clear and was already getting to his feet.

There was something gleaming in his hand—a knife!

But he was still dazed. We had to act quickly.

Anita and I were out of the car like a flash. Anita reached him first. Up went her Thermos to strike. . . .

But his hands shot out and seized her ankles. The flask glanced off his head as she went down.

I came up behind with the crank. I held it with both hands, and brought it down with all my strength. I struck again and again until I saw his limp hands fall away from Anita's ankles.

By that time Joan was there, too, with the cord we had used to fasten the door. There wasn't enough of it, so we tore strips from our underclothing to make lashings.

It was loathsome touching the man—dreadful to hold his coarse and brutish hands while we tied his wrists; horrible to lift his sodden and reeking legs and tie his ankles and knees.

But our need was too great for squeamishness. We had to know the man was helpless and that we were safe.

We tore our garments and tied as fast as we could, knotting the strips of silk again and again. The stuff was flimsy, the man powerful.

We tied his arms behind his back in four places, but the pressure of his bulging muscles could snap them all.

Only his corded wrists might resist his strength.

"The thing to do," Anita said, "is to try to start the car——"

"Try to do it!" Joan said, bitterly.

Of course, Anita couldn't. And when we took turns with the crank, not one of us was strong enough to turn the engine over.

So far, we had been almost heroic, but our bravery had been born of terror and necessity.

Heroism is often just that—the supreme effort of cowardice.

Now that we had nothing to do but wait and speculate, we were more terrified than when we had gone into action.

We hovered over our captive, watched the lids of his eyes for the flicker that would mean returning consciousness.

Then we heard him mutter, saw his eyes open. He began to struggle, strain against his bonds.

His eyes hypnotised me, paralysed me. I still see them in nightmares.

Then I came out of it. I felt no mercy, as I used the crank on his head.

The last blow was a good one, and our captive did not stir again. Shivering with cold and nerves, we waited.

A lifetime seemed to pass before we heard the distant echo of an engine, and watched an eye of light blink down upon us from the brow of the hill.

It was another motor-cycle. This time a State Trooper.

Anita burst into tears. Joan and I sank weakly upon the running-board to rest for the first time.

The trooper studied our captive in the light of his torch. We heard the clink and click of handcuffs.

Then he stood up and looked at us, each in turn. He stood there, shaking his head before he spoke:

"Don't know how you did it—but thank your lucky stars the crank didn't slip! Man's a maniac. Molesting women for weeks. One murder we know of.

"He's one of those guys that work with a knife—a 'ripper'——"

"Not—with—this?" Joan held out the long knife she had picked up from the ground after the struggle and stared at it. Then her fingers cringed from holding it, and she let it drop.

"With that!" said the trooper. "It beats me how you did it. . . . Nothing but girls——"

We didn't know how we had been able to do it. When we reached home (and you don't know what it felt like to get there!) we talked about it. We told each other we could never do it again.

Nor did we want to!

Ursula Bloom, the journalist and novelist, is the author of next week's story, which tells of women who fell under the spell of a mystery bridegroom.

Don't miss her true tale! It will be of absorbing interest to you.

Your Library

Thousands of readers will shortly be applying for Volume No. 3 of JOHN BULL'S wonderful 12-volume "Practical Home Library."

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The Human Machine

Design for Living

IF you asked a hundred people to draw up a set of rules for life, you would probably get a hundred different sets.

Everyone has his own ideas how life should be lived.

Yet there are certain principles that everyone can try to observe. They are rules and regulations that can do nothing but good if they are religiously followed.

For human conduct, no matter how diverse the various "humans," has obligations and prohibitions common to us all.

We can make our own lists of do's and don'ts, and what an excellent exercise in honest self-analysis it would be if we did so! For example:—

Do's

Look ahead and keep smiling at the future;

Be ready to give as much as you take;

Believe in yourself and be willing to believe in others;

Forgive the faults of others and don't be scared of admitting your own;

Always be yourself, instead of trying to ape someone else.

Don'ts

Do not boast, brood or regret;

Do not harbour that grouch;

Do not magnify a slight;

Do not remember your failures;

Do not cling to your weaknesses "in justification of your worthiness."

You can add to these lists as much as you like. There's never any harm in surveying life and plotting your course.

Just a wee exhibition of tact

Every meal a first-class meal—that's the way tactful wives arrange things! And Pan Yan is their greatest help—that spicy appetiser gives such a delicious tang to cold meat that husbands actually welcome cold meat or cheese for dinner. And Pan Yan is specially blended to stimulate the digestion, so it makes a difference to the temper, too. Good temper starts in the stomach!

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"NOW I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER!"
You have more than a feeling of perfect cleanliness when you step out of a Palmolive bath. A radiant, *refreshing* glow surrounds your whole being. For the rich generous olive oil lather of gentle Palmolive *soothes* as it *cleanses* and *beautifies*. It puts back the sparkle into "tired" skin—makes every bath an invigorating, refreshing joy! Use Palmolive in your bath always — nothing is more completely refreshing. And no soap is more scrupulous in its cleansing, as it drives out every particle of grime and dust so harmful to that Schoolgirl Complexion.
PALMOLIVE
3d
one tablet

A WATERING CAN and

SANGRAL

Two splendid allies for gardening success!

The value of liquid manure in the garden cannot be exaggerated, and Sangral is acknowledged to be the finest liquid manure on the market to-day.

RESULTS IN 10 DAYS!

This remarkable soluble Fertiliser supplies vital organic nitrogen to the roots within 6 hours of feeding! In 10 days it works wonders with Flowers, Fruits, Herbaceous Borders, Lawns and Vegetables. Sangral contains NO CHEMICALS WHATSOEVER and cannot harm even the most delicate seedlings. It is also harmless to domestic animals. No wonder, then, that Sangral is regularly used in over one million British gardens, and that the greatest gardening experts sing its praises. They use Sangral themselves in their own gardens. Could they pay a finer tribute than that?
There is NO SUBSTITUTE for SANGRAL, so from now on, make your watering can do TWO useful jobs at one and the same time.

NOW is the time to use

SANGRAL

THE TEN-DAY FERTILISER.

Qd. SOLD EVERYWHERE 1/6, 2/6, 5/- and 9/- tins.

Sal7.

CROSSWORD No. 112.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

ON page 26 is presented the 112th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. R. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, June 23, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 26, Bedford Street, W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

Reader's Story by Edgar Jarvis

Registered Reader No. X434435, 4, Sydney Street, Oxford

OLD ARTFUL

"The strangers were admitted by the village's mystery man . . ."

THEY called him "Old Artful" in the inn where I was staying for my holidays.

Ever since he moved into the lonely cottage at the top of the lane the villagers had thought there was something queer about him.

He lived alone, did not work, always had money, and moved about with an air of supreme satisfaction, like a man who is sitting on top of the world.

From the start he interested me, for he stood out as a personality, and he looked every inch a countryman.

In the village, gossip concerning him was rife. A man named Turner told us one evening at the inn that the night before he had seen two well-dressed men arriving at the cottage. They were carrying suitcases and had been met at the gate by Old Artful.

"What time?" somebody wanted to know.

"Must have been midnight."

They asked each other for explanations of this mysterious occurrence. Why should Old Artful receive well-dressed visitors at such an hour.

"What did they look like?" I queried.

Turner sucked his pipe thoughtfully.

"As far as I could see," he replied, "they were dark, foreign-looking coves."

That settled it. The old scoundrel must be a spy. The visitors, of course, would be foreign agents.

When Old Artful appeared next at the inn I made a point of getting into conversation with him. I might as well have tried to chat with a door-post. All he could say was "Ar."

And yet—there was something about him that seemed to strike a false note.

Two nights later I was out for a breather before turning in, when I saw two well-dressed strangers arriving with suitcases at the cottage, and being admitted by the village's mystery man.

Queer—but still, none of my business. I walked on.

A hundred yards up the lane I saw a gleam through the trees, like moonlight glinting on metal.

I looked again, and saw, hidden up a bridle-path, a big closed car.

So that was how the strangers had arrived. But why all the secrecy?

Walking back towards the cottage, I stationed myself behind a hedge at a point where I could keep my eye on the entrance to Old Artful's home.

I hadn't to wait very long. Out came the two men, still with their suitcases.

"Don't forget—Friday," one of the strangers said to Old Artful.

"All right." Old Artful's voice seemed to have lost its rustic tone.

I couldn't see the men's faces, but I got the number of their car; and the next day, worried and still feeling that I was poking my nose into affairs which didn't concern me, I took the village constable into my confidence.

We decided to talk to his inspector.

The inspector was sure I had stumbled on some roguery.

HE didn't think there was enough evidence for a search warrant. But there was a law which, he said, empowered police officers to stop, search and detain any persons suspected of having committed a felony.

So it was decided to keep watch on the approaching Friday, and to stop and search the strangers if they appeared carrying suitcases.

Because I had extracted a promise from the inspector that I could be in at the death, I was there on the "night in question."

It was a boring wait, but at length we heard a car approaching. It stopped some little way away; probably to be hidden again in the bridle-path.

When the two men eventually appeared, I saw to my disappointment that they carried no suitcases.

They were inside the cottage for about ten minutes, and when they emerged they were still without suitcases.

The inspector let them say good-bye and met them as they reached the car.

Why, he asked, had they parked the car in the lane? And what was in that suitcase, half-hidden by a rug?

"There are furs in the suitcase—we deal in them," said one of the men. "As for parking in the lane, well, our cousin who lives in the cottage is a bit strange in his head. He hates cars, and as he has a lot of money in our business we don't want to upset him.

"But why all these questions?"

"Yes," chimed in the other man, "I'm getting tired of this. I shall complain to the Chief Constable."

Both began to hector the inspector, who, knowing when he was beaten, apologised for troubling them.

As we passed Old Artful's cottage once more we saw a big car drawn up outside! Three men were carrying suitcases from the house towards it.

BEWILDERED, the inspector went up to them. "What's in that bag?" he said.

"Furs," was the reply, followed by a most illuminating explanation.

They were Scotland Yard detectives, and they had rushed down to our village on a last-minute tip that here was the "warehouse" and clearing house of a gang of fur thieves.

They had Old Artful inside, and, very sorry for himself, he was confessing everything.

The men they were really after were those we had spoken to.

Two hours later they were picked up as they changed a wheel after a puncture.

I know what you're wondering now. Why did the thieves leave the furs in the car that night? Why come empty-handed, and leave empty-handed?

Old Artful used to give his visitors the "all clear" by lowering the blind twice.

He was in the middle of this operation when the blind stuck—and so the signal was incomplete and meaningless.

The crooks by the car guessed what had happened, but to be on the safe side they first came empty-handed, meaning to go back for the furs when completely reassured.

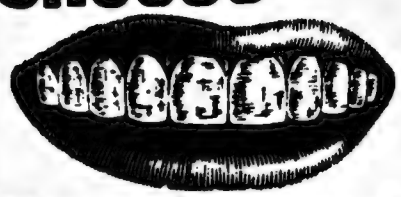
We had interrupted them—but that jammed blind nearly saved them from penal servitude, for if it hadn't been for the puncture they would probably have got away.

Have We Had Your Story?

"John Bull" invites registered readers to submit original stories of real life adventure—not exceeding 1,200 words. £5 5s. is paid for each story published.

Choose your tooth-paste and you

Choose



Your Teeth!

Which of these will be a picture of your smile?

Think! Parts of your teeth have less than 1/100th of an inch of enamel to protect them from decay. Yet some tooth-pastes only whiten teeth by using abrasives which help to wear enamel away! Make *sure* about your tooth-paste. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least sign of grittiness change at once to the smoothest, finest tooth-paste you can buy—and that means Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day or send 1d. postcard for free sample to Odol, (Dept. J.B.14), Norwich.

Odol

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouth-wash and Odol Denture Powder.

RACE WITH "SILVER RING"

Suggestions for Ascot

ASCOT broke all records last year and signs are most promising for the coming gathering.

Prize-money awarded to owners of first, second and third horses amounted to nearly £82,000.

It is said that "Manton strawberries" ripen in June. Anyway, Lawson, the Wiltshire trainer, credited his patrons with £14,000 and is the man to follow. Since 1928 he has won £90,000 at the Royal meeting.

Numerous correspondents have asked me for selections for the big events, and I am relying on horses which have done us good turns this season.

Suzerain, the winning Code selection for the Yorkshire Cup, has a great chance of taking the gold trophy

Irish Stew, our Great Met. tip, may come up in the Ascot Stakes.

Phakos, who won the Lincoln for us, is tipped for the Royal Hunt Cup, and Agincourt is selected for the Wokingham Stakes.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

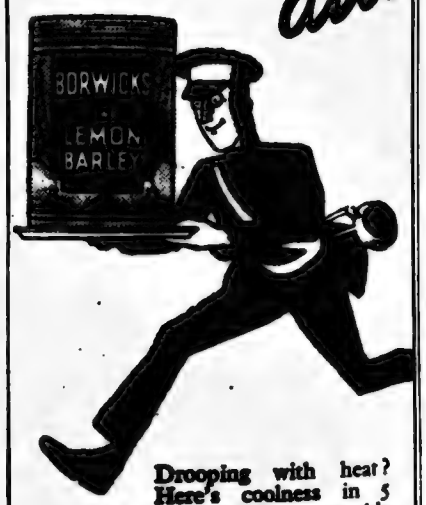
The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 2, to Wednesday, June 8.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 96 T F U
97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: S9393FKQ93W would read KINGSHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ93Z2 would read ACHILL.

Thirst aid



Drooping with heat? Here's coolness in 5 seconds! The no-trouble drink. Taste the ripe lemons and natural barley. Delicious.

Just add cold water

BORWICK'S LEMON BARLEY POWDER

3d. 7½d & 10½d

GEORGE BORWICK & SONS LTD.
1, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1.

Looks count so much in marriage...That's why wise wives guard against *COSMETIC SKIN*

USE all the powder and make-up you like—they add to your looks. But remember, the most widespread complexion trouble to-day is caused by bits of stale powder and make-up that are *not completely removed.*

If you're not pleased with your skin—if it's muddy, rough, if your pores are large—it's ten to one you're a victim of this modern complexion trouble, Cosmetic Skin.

Cosmetic Skin, as the film stars christened it, is caused by tiny bits of stale powder and grease that remain in your pores despite your cleansing. These bits choke pores, ruin your complexion!

POWDER HARMLESS REMOVED THIS WAY

Film stars—whose complexions are their fortune—searched the world for something that would remove every tiny speck of make-up from their pores. They found that nothing cleansed the skin so completely as the fine white lather of Lux Toilet Soap. That's why 846 out of 857 film stars use Lux Toilet Soap every day on their faces. That's why Lux Toilet Soap has been made the *official* beauty soap of the big film studios. It prevents Cosmetic Skin!

Use Lux Toilet Soap yourself always at bedtime and before you put on fresh make-up during the day. Its lather will keep your pores cleaner than they've ever been before. It will guard you against complexion troubles. Your skin will be smoother, finer, lovelier—more attractive to your husband.

LUX
DON'T RISK COSMETIC SKIN—YOU NEEDN'T! LUX TOILET SOAP REMOVES POWDER THOROUGHLY AND KEEPS YOUR SKIN CLEAR AND LOVELY. I ALWAYS USE IT.
MIRIAM HOPKINS

3D. A TABLET
This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.

71.924-364 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

The CAMBRIAN COAST for carefree holidays

SOMETHING new, something strange, something restful, something stimulating, something right outside of everyday experience. That's the real thing in holidays, and nowhere will you find it so well epitomised as on the Cambrian Coast.

Stay at one of the famous resorts on this 70-mile stretch of holiday playground, and in between the more ordinary joys of bathing and basking, you can enjoy the rare scenes and experiences that only the Cambrian Coast provides.

Ascend Snowdon; visit the Devil's Bridge; thrill to the beauty of Barmouth Estuary and the grandeur of magnificent old Castles. With so much to do and see, your holiday time will prove all too short.

BEFORE YOU GO.
Two books you should buy:—"HOLIDAY HAUNTS" 1938, containing Holiday Addresses, etc. (Price 6d.)
"RAMBLES AROUND THE CAMBRIAN COAST" (6d.)

HOW YOU GET THERE.
Cheap "Monthly Return" Tickets by any train, any day, from all parts.

WHEN YOU GET THERE.
Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets will enable you to see the best of this lovely Welsh district.

All information will gladly be supplied by the Supt. of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station or the usual Tourist Agencies.

GWR
CAMBRIAN COAST

"Mansion" makes it so much easier to obtain a brighter and more lasting finish. The lovely gloss it imparts to Floors and Furniture gives added charm to every room. It also thoroughly cleans and freshens the floors and destroys dust germs.

Mansion WAX Polish

TINS 3d., 6d., and larger sizes.

FOR FLOORS FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

MP.FA.37

Banish shiny nose forever!

Never be troubled by shiny nose again. Use Snowfire Powder - Cream and always have a matt-finished skin that never loses its fresh loveliness even when you're in hot rooms or in strong winds out of doors. This *fine* powder-cream can't clog pores and there are five flattering shades — Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle or Ivory to suit your skin colouring.

Never have a shiny nose—use

Snowfire POWDER-CREAM

Human Documents by Philip Inman

LOVE OR Honour? Sacrifice? Pride? Jealousy?

He Begs Her Not To Give Him Up

SEVEN months ago my fiancé was sent to hospital suffering from tuberculosis and he has begged me repeatedly not to give him up.

His nurse, however, advises me to do so, but she says, "not whilst he is a patient or it would break his heart."

She tells me that it will take at least two years for him to get better, and that then his permanent recovery will be questionable. What would you advise me to do?

I love him very, very much."

This girl should go straight to her fiancé's doctor.

If his report is hopeful, then, because of her love, she will gladly wait and by her loyalty and devotion help her sweetheart to be cured.

If, however, the doctor thinks that there is little chance of complete recovery and that, in any case, it would be unwise to marry, then I am sure he will guide her.

She's In Love With A Married Man

AFTER a courtship of seven years my engagement was broken off, and a few months later I became friendly with a married man, whose wife has been in a mental home for thirteen years.

This man and I are very much in love and we hoped the new Divorce Bill would enable us to marry.

But we find it will not allow us to do so. The reason is that his wife is not insane, but will never be able to come out of the mental home again.

Now my friend has asked me to go and live with him, but I am worried to death, wondering what to do for the best.

I do not want to lose him, and yet, if I agree to his suggestion, it will cause a lot of trouble.

Frankly I cannot understand this letter.

If that wife is not insane, what is she doing in a mental home? If she is insane, then Mr. A. P. Herbert's recent Act surely applies to such a case.

This girl and her man friend should consult a solicitor. If they have not the means, they can take the necessary steps through the Poor Persons' Legal Aid Society—the address of which can be obtained at any police station.

I hope my correspondent will think long and hard before accepting that other proposal.

Let her remember the shaky foundations of such an arrangement. The man could, if he chose, turn her adrift at a moment's notice, and she would have no legal redress.

There is also the moral aspect of this problem. By going to live with that man she would be false to her own principles.

I commend to this girl those fine words, "I could not love thee, dear, so well, loved I not honour more."

His Jealousy Is Breaking Her Heart

PEOPLE say that love is the most wonderful thing in the world, but mine seems to have turned to misery—and all through my boy's jealousy.

We work in the same firm and he keeps on accusing me of flirting with most of my workmates.

To-day he saw me getting out of the lift in which were the foreman and the under-foreman.

The result is that he has not spoken to me all day. There is no cause for him to act in such a way, for I have been perfectly loyal to him.

In fact, all my friends tell me that I have turned from a jolly, lively girl to a sullen, bad-tempered one. I have done this on purpose, because I do not want him to see me laughing with any of the men or boys.

Oh! Mr. Inman, I love him so much, but how can I get the better of this jealousy that is breaking my heart?

Some people say that jealousy indicates real affection.

But not insane jealousy of this kind. It is definitely wrong that this girl should endure misery when she is blameless.

If her young man cannot trust her now, there is no guarantee that he will do so after marriage.

Despite her deep and sincere love for him she must take a firm stand now if she is to know any happiness at all.

She should tell him that if he cannot trust her she will be forced to break off the friendship.

If her boy really cares for her, he will resolve to overcome this vice and take a more reasonable and unprejudiced view.

Ashamed To Take Her To His Home

I HAVE been courting for eighteen months and even though we became engaged last Christmas, I have never been able to take my young lady home.

Whenever she has asked to see my mother I have always had to make some excuse. The reason is that our home, though clean, is always untidy.

I have offered to give mother extra money to have the house renovated, but she is very Victorian and refuses to have anything done.

Now my young lady says that if I don't take her home within the next few weeks she will break off the engagement.

This young man has acted unwisely in not taking his girl home before now.

Naturally she wants to meet his mother, for I presume he knows her folk and is welcomed by them.

After all, he cannot be held responsible for the condition of things at his home. It is not his job to do the housekeeping.

And if his girl is sensible she will not hold him responsible for the shortcomings of his mother.

There are far worse faults than a little untidiness. Let him, therefore, pluck up courage and arrange for his girl to meet his mother.

Send your private problem to "Humanist"—the man who wants to help you—enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply. Address the envelope to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Letters sent to any other address cannot be dealt with.)

Speech *v.* Silence

A SHORT time ago I had an operation and later was told I could never have any children.

I was heartbroken until my mother-in-law said I should be thankful.

The reason was that my husband's father died in an asylum and his sister was in one for two years.

My husband has always been hard to live with—unreasonable and moody—but never violent.

Now his brother has become engaged, and when I suggested his girl should be told the family history I was asked to mind my own business.

What am I to do? The girl is in love with my brother-in-law and she may not thank me for telling her. On the other hand, I do not feel like sitting still and saying nothing.

On one point I agree entirely. That girl should be told of the mental trouble in the family.

But my correspondent is in a difficult position.

If she reveals the secret, she may embroil herself in a family quarrel—a quarrel that may have serious consequences.

Yet she does not want that girl to discover the truth when it is too late.

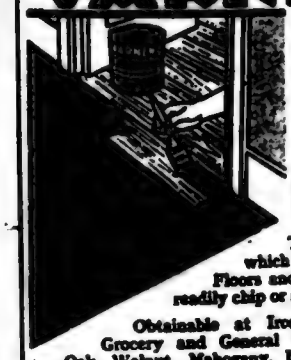
What then can she do?

She should try to persuade her brother-in-law to tell his fiancée. Let her appeal to his sense of fair play and decency.

If he is really in love he would not desire his girl to enter into a marriage which might result in misery for herself and any children they may have.

The least thing he can do is to tell that girl the truth and allow her to make the final decision.

VARNENE your floors for LASTING beauty



The lovely finish which Varnene gives to Floors and Furniture will not readily chip or scratch.

Obtainable at Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocery and General Stores. In Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear (Colourless) Varnish.

Tins 6d., 1/- and 1/6. v/1 v/39

VARNENE THE FINER OIL VARNISH STAIN

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4

No more hard rubbing and scrubbing and long boiling on washday

AMAZINGLY EASY NEW METHODS GET WHOLE WEEKLY WASH FINISHED HOURS SOONER

Don't do that Don't spend 20 minutes or more stirring your clothes as they boil in the copper. It makes your kitchen hot, fills it with steam—wastes time, wastes money on fuel; it's a nasty, tiring job and it's *not necessary* . . .

DO THIS Simply put the white things into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds. Smooth a little Rinso into any extra-dirty places. Then bring the clothes to the boil, as usual, and let them boil for just *2 minutes!*

Don't do that And don't think you must rub and scrub coloured things till your back aches and you're dead beat. You needn't you know—there's a much better and easier way to get them clean . .

DO THIS Simply put your coloureds into hand-hot Rinso suds and let them soak for 12 minutes. Don't do any hard rubbing—they'll come beautifully clean and bright without it!

. . . YOU'LL GET WONDERFUL RESULTS
YOU'LL HAVE A WASHLINE TO BE PROUD OF! IT'S MARVELLOUS—THIS NEW RINSO WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES SO QUICK—AND EASY! YOU WON'T FEEL A SCRAP TIRED DOUBTFUL? WELL, TRY IT—YOU'LL BE AMAZED!

SAVE WORK! SAVE TIME! SAVE ½ HOUR'S FUEL!

—Yet Get Brilliant Wash! . . . Use Rinso

SAVE WORK!
SAVE TIME!
SAVE HALF-HOUR'S FUEL!

How? By washing your clothes the wonderful new Rinso way!

These wonderful new methods were recently discovered through scientific tests. They are based on these amazing facts:

1. *2 minutes at the boil* in Rinso is absolutely all you need to make clothes brilliantly white and clean. Put the clothes into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds. Don't soak them or rub them beforehand. Instead, simply damp the extra-dirty places, sprinkle on a little Rinso and gently smooth it in. Then bring your clothes to the boil, as usual, and boil for only 2 minutes.

2. Coloured things can be *washed brilliantly* clean in hand-hot Rinso suds in a short *12 minutes!* There's no hard rubbing needed whatever.

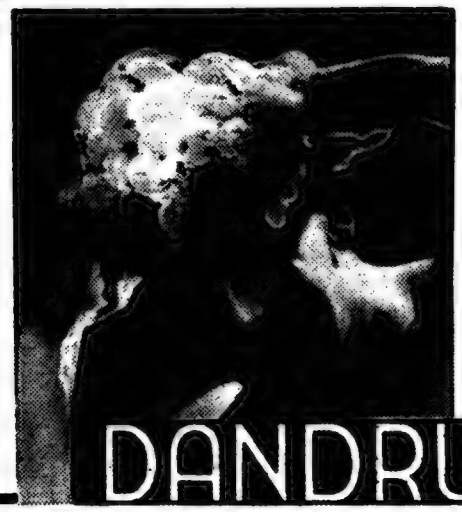
And Rinso is just as economical as it's quick. You don't need to use bar soap, flakes or any other washing powder with it.

And it's *safe*, too! The ideal thing for your finest silks and woollens is a quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds.

Follow the lead of hundreds of thousands of women all over the country. Insist on easy, economical washdays. Insist on brilliant clothes-lines. Rinso will give you all these things; yet it costs only 3½d., 6d., or 10d. a packet.

RINSO

B2547-364-65 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*



DANDRUFF

removed pleasantly

by the simple process of shampooing

EVAN WILLIAMS DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO is ideal for gentlemen; it possesses definite tonic properties invaluable for the treatment of Dandruff, Scurf and other scalp disorders which, if neglected, invariably lead to thinning hair and premature baldness.

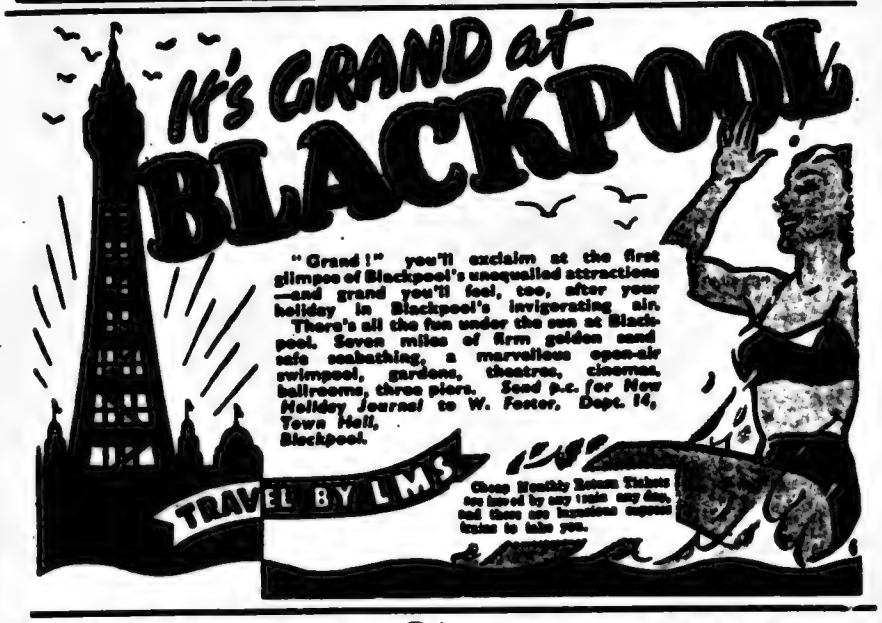
All sufferers from Dandruff—men, women and children—should give this new EVAN WILLIAMS product a trial.

6D. PER BOTTLE

EVAN WILLIAMS
DANDRUFF REMOVER
Of Hairdressers Shampoo *and Chemists*

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 33


It's GRAND at BLACKPOOL
"Grand!" you'll exclaim at the first glimpse of Blackpool's unequalled attractions—and grand you'll feel, too, after your holiday in Blackpool's invigorating air.
There's all the fun under the sun at Blackpool. Seven miles of firm golden sand, safe seabathing, a marvellous open-air swimpool, gardens, theatres, cinemas, ballrooms, three piers. Send p.c. for New Holiday Journal to W. Foster, Dept. 14, Town Hall, Blackpool.
TRAVEL BY L.M.S.
Cheap Monthly Return Tickets are issued by any train any day, and there are luxurious expresses to take you.

CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL

Say goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and risky razors. A new liquid called NOXACORN ends pain in 60 seconds. Dries up callouses and corns, root and all. Contains pure castor oil, corn-aspirin and iodine. Absolutely safe. Easy directions on label. 1/6 bottle saves untold misery. Money back if NOXACORN brand Corn Remover fails. At Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors and all chemists.

RHEUMATISM

LASTING RELIEF!

". . . I had Neuritis in my arm, could not move it for four months, they (Urace Brand Tablets) have completely cured me, I have never felt any pain since."—M.F., Roydon. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

The Man With the TELL-TALE VOICE

WHEN pretty Irene Wilkins travelled by train from London to Bournemouth she went to her death.

And with that tragedy there started a man-hunt which continued for more than five months. It was a hunt at first without exact objective—just a widespread search for a man of vague description.

Then — by gradual elimination — a definite personality emerged. And all the while the hunted man was living in the centre of the hunted territory, jeering at the efforts to find him.

Irene Wilkins in the London-Bournemouth express was bound for a new job.

Her call to Bournemouth had been sudden and unusual.

Only that morning she had received a telegram at her home in Streatham, replying to her advertisement in a London newspaper.

It asked her to go to Bournemouth by the 4.30 train from Waterloo. On arrival she would be met by car at the Central Station. Expense was no object, as the matter was "urgent."

The telegram was signed "Wood, Beech House."

It seemed a pity to leave home at Christmas-time, but that couldn't be helped.

"Expense no object" sounded good to Irene Wilkins. It might be the well-paid, comfortable job she was waiting for.

She was so animated and excited that the quiet, studious man in the opposite corner of the carriage could not help but take notice of her.

When the train reached Bournemouth this fellow-passenger helped the girl with her small case, and followed her to the ticket barrier.

* * *

He saw the girl stand, looking around, until a chauffeur in blue uniform approached and touched his cap.

Chauffeur and girl drove away in a grey car, which had a strangely shaped luggage grid.

And now the scene changes. It is next morning in Bournemouth Police Station.

A report has come in that the body of a young woman has been found in a field three miles out of the town on the Christchurch side. **Murder!**

Superintendent Garrett took over investigation, and discovered tyre-marks on the gravel road from which a gate opened into the field.

The marks were clear-cut and had been made by Dunlop Magnum tyres.

A description of the dead girl and her clothing was issued. Identification soon followed. She was Irene Wilkins.

Widowed Mrs. Wilkins, her mother, travelled to Bournemouth to give her statement, and brought with her the telegram which lured Irene to death.

"Car will meet train." That was the sentence the police seized upon. They began a hue and cry for the driver of the car and the person who sent the telegram.

Postal authorities opened their files for Superintendent Garrett.

The original of the telegram was obtained, photographed and published in the hope that someone would recognise the handwriting.

It revealed curious spelling mistakes, "Bournmouth" without the "e"; "expence" with a "c."

Moreover, two other telegrams were found in the same handwriting, and also with spelling mistakes:

One sent on December 17 read: "*Re* your *advertisment*. *Immidiate* interview desired. Come 4.30 Waterloo-*Bournmouth* central; remain night if desire. *Expences* given. Car will meet train.—Mrs. Cooper."

And the other to a nursing employment agency in London: "Please send by 5.30 Waterloo-Boscombe train young *plesent* nurse companion to girl 20. Car will meet train. About ten days.—Butler, Boscombe Grange."

In answer to the first of those two telegrams a young woman went to Bournemouth, but no car met her and she returned home.

Alloway in the dock. As this picture was taken he heard Mr. Justice Avery's words—"You, too, must die . . ."

No action was taken by the employment agency regarding the second. The principal required more particulars before sending a nurse.

But now the police had a fair picture of the man they wanted.

He was in the habit of reading the *Morning Post*. He owned or had the use of a car, and was uneducated.

The presumption drawn was that he might be a chauffeur.

Out went the drag-net.

Every car owner and chauffeur in Bournemouth was interviewed, asked to account for their movements on the night of December 22, and given a handwriting test.

One detective engaged on this work went to see Thomas Alloway, employed by a wealthy Boscombe family.

Alloway, who was perfectly ready to answer questions, had a cast-iron alibi for the night of December 22.

He had returned his master's car to its garage at six o'clock, and could prove it by supporting witnesses. There was not the slightest chance of his being able to get the car out again at night.

He had only one key to the garage, and after locking the car up, handed it in at his master's house, according to orders. He could—and did—prove this fact.

Under the eye of the detective, Alloway wrote down a sentence at dictation.

His writing bore no resemblance to the writing on the decoy telegrams, and the car was examined and it had no Dunlop Magnum tyres.

So Thomas Henry Alloway was dismissed as a possible suspect. There was nothing against him, and, according to all accounts, he was a well-behaved fellow living on good terms with his wife.

What the police did not know then was that on the day the murder was discovered, Alloway changed the tyres on two of the wheels of the car.

These tyres were Dunlop Magnums. Day and night the police worked, but got no nearer to their man. Thomas Henry Alloway relaxed into normal routine. He went about his duties as chauffeur, spent his evenings at home with his wife, or with friends.

Everybody was still talking about the murder in Boscombe and Bournemouth—Alloway as much as others.

Then an attaché-case belonging to Irene Wilkins was found in Branksombe Woods at the Dorset end of the town.

"Why, it was found quite near the house where I often have to drive the governor," said Alloway in his local public-house that night.

How this ghoul of a man was laughing to himself!

"Fools!" he chuckled. "They are all fools. I have beaten them, and it has been so easy."

And then aloud: "Another unsolved murder, that's what it is!"

Suspicion was as far from him as ever. He could walk about in the sight of all men without fear.

Then came a day when Alloway was instructed to despatch a parcel for his employer from Bournemouth General Post Office.

And the million-to-one chance that so often leads to the capture of a criminal came up.

It happened that Miss Waters, the young assistant, who, at Boscombe Post Office, received the telegram which brought Irene Wilkins to her death, had been transferred to Bournemouth.

And it was to her that Alloway handed the parcel.

As she heard his distinctive, rather guttural voice, her mind flashed back to the day when the decoy telegram

(*Continued on page 32*)

Tortured by fear the fugitive goes into hiding . . . What does he think, how does he feel as Justice tracks him down? Read this series of famous man-hunts . . .

By Stanley Bishop

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You can go where you wish—as often as you wish—in any of the L M S holiday districts in England for 10/6 for a whole week. That's a holiday travel bargain if you like!
Think of it! The freedom of the line! Roaming at will and in comfort over miles of holiday country . . . . . visiting new places every day . . . . . ALL FOR TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE FOR THE WEEK. (Your dog can accompany you for the small sum of 2/8 for the week and your bicycle for 5/3.) Be sure you get one of these bargain tickets this year.

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NORTH WALES; WORCESTER, CHELTENHAM, STRATFORD, ETC.; LANCASHIRE COAST & LAKELAND; PEAK DISTRICT; MORECAMBE & LAKELAND; KESWICK & THE BORDERLAND; WEST CUMBERLAND & LAKELAND; CHESTER & NORTH WALES; WIRRAL PENINSULA; CENTRAL & SOUTH WALES (15/9 in this area)

FREE FOLDER. Send postcard to Room H.C.T. 9, L M S Railway, Euston House, London, N.W.1, for a Copy of the "Holiday Contract Tickets" folder containing maps and full details of these Holiday areas and learn all about these bargains in holiday travel.

Holiday this year on the

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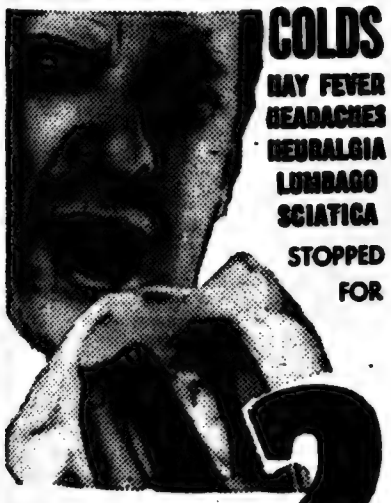
SUMMER
CHILLS



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ACT LIKE MAGIC
Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

It's as easy to remember as—

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What is:
—Turn to page 41

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE 2/6

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blouts up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.
Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, g ntle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

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A. It used to be only those men who could not afford more than 50/- or 75/- for a suit. Nowadays men of all classes go to them.

Q. *Is that really true?*

A. Quite true. You see Rational Tailoring has set up a standard of tailoring that is good enough to satisfy any man whatever he's been used to. And men who like to keep their tailoring expenses within reason have discovered this.

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Spencer supports are recommended by over 30,000 Doctors throughout the world.

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Take your favourite tobacco and roll in A.G paper—then see what a fine, full-flavoured smoke you get. It's because of the special A.G quality—there is absolutely no paper taste to mar the pure tobacco flavour. And your smokes not only taste better—they are cooler and easier on the throat into the bargain. Yet, in spite of all the advantages of the A.G method, it costs no more. So remember—insist on A.G.

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THE *IMPROVED* AUTOMATIC PACK COSTS NO MORE

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppositories. 1/3 a box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

continuing "The Man with the Tell-Tale Voice"

Letter Clue

was passed over the counter to her. She had queried one of the words, and the sender had spoken to her.

Telegram . . . parcel . . . it was THE SAME MAN.

As Alloway sauntered away, the girl grabbed the assistant next to her and cried excitedly, "It's the man! The man of the telegram! I recognise his voice!"

Then she ran to the window and saw Alloway get into a grey saloon car. Its number was L.K.7405.

Within a few minutes Miss Waters was standing before Superintendent Garrett, telling him what had happened, giving him the number of the car.

It was soon traced—then came deadlock.

THE car had already been "checked-up" for the night of the murder, and Alloway had an alibi for all relative times.

It was the memory of a girl against an alibi, and other destructive counter-evidence.

Not sound enough for action.

"Anyhow," said Superintendent Garrett, "we'll watch Alloway."

The man-hunt recast, with a definite objective. But still nothing tangible could be discovered, and Alloway remained at liberty.

Superintendent Garrett would not give up.

He ordered every document and statement concerning the case to be brought to him for re-examination.

There were hundreds, but he pored over each one.

At last he asked: "What's this letter from a Mr. Humphris, motor consulting engineer, living in Bournemouth?"

Mr. Humphris was the quiet, studious man who had sat in the same train compartment with Irene Wilkins on her journey to Bournemouth, who had watched her enter a car and noted the car because of its peculiar luggage grid.

Some days after the murder observant Mr. Humphris saw that car again in Bournemouth.

There could be no mistake about it. That was why he had written to the police hoping that the information might be of assistance.

The number of the car was L.K.7405.

By some mischance — explainable owing to the intense pressure of work at the Bournemouth Police Station after the murder—Superintendent Garrett had never seen that vital letter until his review of the documents.

L.K.7405 again—meaning Thomas Henry Alloway again!

Mr. Humphris was sent for, and, in an interview with Superintendent Garrett, gave the most exact description of Irene Wilkins and the clothes she wore.

Now it was beyond doubt that Irene Wilkins was carried away from Bournemouth Station to her death in the car driven by Alloway.

Yet he had that alibi, and apparently could not have taken the car L.K.7405 out of the garage after six o'clock in the evening.

Superintendent Garrett set out to smash the alibi.

It was discovered that Alloway changed the car tyres on the day after the murder, and that the car, left in one position in the garage at six o'clock on the evening of December 22, was in a different position next morning.

By some means Alloway learned that the police were taking renewed interest in his movements.

HIS confidence crumbled. The hunters were at his heels, and, like all hunted things, he ran.

To get money he forged several of his master's cheques, changing them with local traders.

"We've got him now," said Superintendent Garrett, when Alloway's disappearance and frauds were reported.

Alloway was picked up in Reading, his home town, and brought back to Bournemouth on the forgery charge.

His house in Boscombe was searched, and there the police found:

A duplicate key to the garage, which destroyed the best part of the alibi; and war-time postcards from Alloway to his wife in the same handwriting as the decoy telegram.

Alloway had disguised his writing when he had previously been given a test.

Irene Wilkins—a telegram lured her to death

FINALLY, he took his place in an identification parade. A line of men, all in chauffeur's uniform, stood with their faces to a wall.

With her back to them was Miss Waters, the post-office clerk, as each man spoke the words "Car will meet."

Alloway's turn came. As his harsh voice rang out, Miss Waters nodded.

"That's the man," she said.

The man-hunt was over.

But the last words of all were spoken by Mr. Justice Avory in the Assize Court of Winchester, as he delivered sentence after the jury's verdict of guilty.

"Thomas Henry Alloway, the jury have found you guilty of a foul and brutal murder," he said slowly.

"Such a verdict can be followed only by one judgment—that you, too, must die."

Next Week:

Man with the Glaring Eyes

Cavalcade of the C.I.D.—(4)

Murder in the Tunnel

(1) His face smeared with blood, his clothes torn, a man staggered off the London-Brighton train at Preston Park one June afternoon in 1881. He gave the name of Lefroy, said he'd been robbed and knocked senseless by two men between Mersham and Balcombe tunnels.

(2) Passengers on the train said they heard shots. Searchers found in Balcombe tunnel the body of a Mr. Gold, retired Brighton merchant. The man had fought desperately for life. A Hanoverian gold coin, usually carried on his watch chain, and about £50 in notes, were missing.

(3) Lefroy told the police conflicting stories, and was taken back to his Croydon lodgings for verification. There he asked to change his torn clothes. Once out of his escort's sight he climbed through his bedroom window and made a clean getaway.

(4) Police, hunting Lefroy, learned that whereas before the murder he was "broke," he had since been spending freely. Further, that he had changed the Hanoverian coin at a small shop. An errand boy who knew Lefroy recalled this and identified the coin.

The search was intensified. For the first time the police used the Press to publish a murderer's picture. From a description supplied them, the "Daily Telegraph" prepared and printed a woodcut of the wanted man.

A woman in Stepney saw the woodcut and told the police that it resembled her lodger. His name, she said, was Lefroy. A detective watched the house until he saw Lefroy leave.

Lefroy was arrested, found guilty of murdering Mr. Gold, and was hanged.

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Just this

Smooth 'Vaseline into your hands though you were

and this

Then wipe your some old cotton

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Your hands will though you do ho because 'Vaselin natural oils in yo nails from breakin

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How to B that "Ligh Radiance

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All shades of "Lighter" more amazing new

Here is the quick scie the lighter radiant lo hair, from ash blon hair with Sta-blond, the lustrous natural l true fair hair so attrac hair from 2 to 4 sha type. *Light* fair hair use Sta-blond, the sa injurious bleaching precious Vitol, this ness and dandruff, perm taken better, today or insist that

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HOUSEWORK HANDS

Just this

Smooth 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly well into your hands every night. Use it as though you were washing with it.

and this

Then wipe your hands clean or wear some old cotton gloves or 'night' gloves.

Gives THIS!

Your hands will be lovely, smooth, even though you do housework daily. That's because 'Vaseline' Jelly replaces the natural oils in your skin. It stops your nails from breaking and cracking, too!

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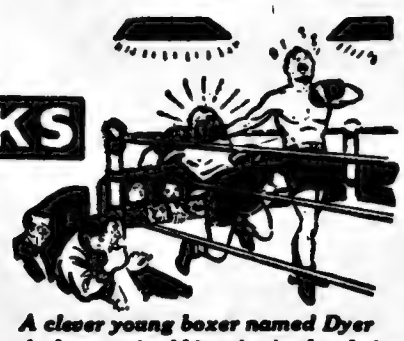
£35 for LAST LINES



A clever young boxer named Dyer
At home raised his voice in the choir,
One night, in the ring,
He started to sing

1ST PRIZE £15
2ND £5 3RD £5 4TH £2
TEN PRIZES each £1

SOME RHYMES: *acquire, admire, aspire, attire, conspire, crier, desire, dire, entire, enquire, expire, fire, flier, gyre, hire, inspire, ire, lyre, mire, perspire, require, shire, sire, spire, squire, tire, transpire, trier, wire.*

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The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £15 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition (Dept. 12), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

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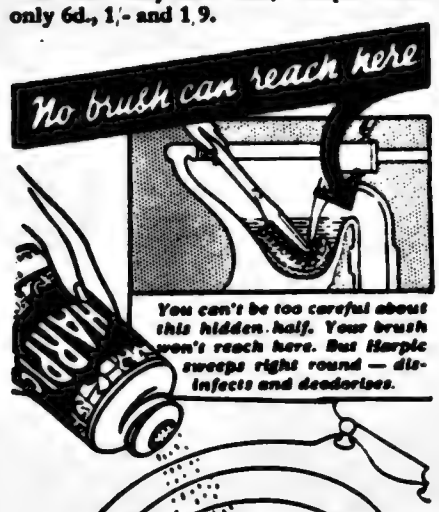

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Now Sta-blond contains enough for two shampoos.

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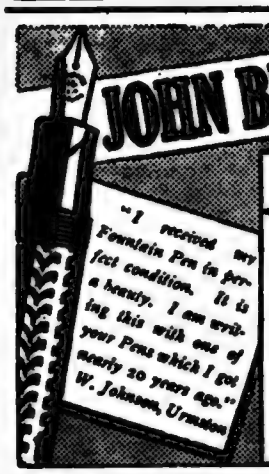
"I received my Fountain Pen in perfect condition. It is a beauty. I am writing this with one of your Pens which I got nearly 20 years ago."
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This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS**. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/8**, plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

3D.

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Read what a sufferer from this distressing complaint says:—"Myself and daughter, both suffering from Hay Fever, found that after a few doses of Yadil all symptoms disappeared and neither of us has had a sneeze since." YADIL is the original internal antiseptic containing the essential oil of garlic, Nature's own remedy, that destroys all germs in the body and cleanses the entire system. Take YADIL at the first symptom and this summer be free of Hay Fever. Read the YADIL HEALTH BOOK and know how to keep well at all times.

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It Pays to Play with FIRE!

There's a man in the middle of this blaze! But he's in an asbestos suit and quite safe. It's just another experiment with fire

A FLASH—and the big tank of oil fuel is a roaring furnace. One moment a dark, viscid pool: the next, a curtain of pale yellow flame reaching to the roof and emitting a heat that sends one reeling back.

Most terrible of all fires breaks out—indoors.

Then the scientists attack. Not with sand or chemicals, but with water. Think of fighting blazing oil with water!

It won't work, you say. And you are right, if you assume that the water will be played in a jet.

But this time it is applied in a fine spray driven at terrific pressure.

The yellow curtain flickers, droops, dies.

Within a few seconds the fire is out. Soon the water and oil will separate, leaving the fuel as good as ever.

How did it happen?

The fire was quenched because the powerful spray was driven an infinitesimal fraction of an inch under the surface of the oil.

It "broke up" the oil and imprisoned each globule in a jacket of water.

SO the inflammable gases were trapped and not'ing was left to burn.

This is just one of the routine jobs a band of young scientists is doing at the Fire Offices' Testing Station at Boreham Wood, Elstree.

The station—best of its kind in the world—is supported by the tariff insurance companies and collaborates with the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

Its staff spend their time playing with fire. They start fires and stop them, and then make calculations designed to safeguard life and property.

How does a fire behave in given circumstances, and why?

What building materials, *assembled in structure*, will offer the greatest resistance to fire? Why?

How much fire and then cold water will a structure endure before collapsing?

Elstree wants the answers to these and a host of other questions. And by patient research the scientists there are finding them.

Once the information they seek is fully known and universally applied the world will be doubly armed to subdue one of its most dreaded enemies.

Consider the importance of Elstree in this way:—

Fire damage to property will cost Britain this month more than £1,000,000—providing that the average is maintained. This is not counting any fire in which the damage is less than £1,000.

Last June £1,197,000 went up in smoke. The loss for the whole of 1937 was put at £9,529,000, and for the year before, £10,897,000.

Gradually these annual figures should be reduced—and in an attempt to bring about this reduction the scientists working quietly at Elstree are playing their part.

They are industry's watchdogs, guarding against fire and any industrial commodities which with widespread use might increase risk of fire.

Walls, columns, floors, girders, safe-doors—anything used in industry from a girder to alcohol and castor-oil is tested.

Only two other such research stations exist. One is in Stockholm, the other in Chicago. Elstree is the most advanced of the three.

OFFICIALS interchange visits and pool information gleaned in experiments to their common advantage and that of industry in general.

Recently it was suggested that a new type of structure should be introduced into this country. It was cheap and durable, but big fires had occurred in towns where it was popular.

Elstree, acting on the advice of one of its fellow stations, discouraged the proposal. The material was below standard.

Enquiries are sent to Elstree from every corner of the Empire, and even from Japan and war-riven China.

Advice is sought and given about fire-fighting appliances, the planning and replanning of homes, offices and factories protected by these appliances.

Just checking up on the risks—and habits—of fire.

The testing station covers an area of one and a quarter acre, and actually comprises two buildings—the large for fire tests, the other for the testing of sprinklers, extinguishers and similar appliances.

The fire-testing building is equipped with three powerful gas furnaces which are manipulated from a control-room above the entrance.

Imagine a section of ordinary nine-inch wall is under test. It should support any weight up to forty tons under normal conditions.

But these are test conditions. Therefore the wall must first carry the equivalent of one and a half times that load.

The section is fitted into a frame, and the necessary pressure applied from beneath by a hydraulic press.

Then the vertical furnace roars into life. Flames leap from a series of jets to cover the whole surface.

IT'S to be a Grade A test; that means it will be under fire for six hours without a break at an increasing high temperature.

At the end of the first hour the temperature is 1,700 degrees Fahrenheit. Up and up it goes, following a pre-determined curve, until it reaches 2,200 degrees Fahrenheit.

The wall glows redly under the terrific blast, but its still stands—if it is Grade A.

Assuming that the wall survives six hours of fire it must immediately undergo a six-minute cold-water test—one minute for each hour.

If it falls or buckles under this sudden extreme of temperature, it is marked down as "not satisfactory."

If it still stands, it is Grade A.

The same test is applied to safe-doors, floors, and columns. A steel column, they found, fails in strength at about 1,200 degrees Fahrenheit.

Recently they tested a wall of foamed slag and cement, a building material which, widely used in Germany, is being introduced into this country.

It was found that such were its heat-resisting properties that when one side was exposed to a fire of 1,850 degrees Fahrenheit the other side was still cool enough to lean against!

So, steadily the fight against the fire ogre goes on. Experimenting, testing, advising, rejecting.

Says Mr. W. H. Tuckey, chief technical officer of the Fire Offices Committee: "In time it will be possible for all new buildings in Great Britain to conform to a definite standard of fire resistance."

A 200-ton compression machine at the Fire Offices testing station

Finally, here's a valuable tip from Mr. Tuckey to JOHN BULL readers.

If you ever use linseed oil for cleaning, don't throw the rag after use into a heated cupboard. Don't throw it among the old newspapers in that warm cubby-hole under the stairs.

And if you're in a warehouse, keep linseed oil rags away from things like carbon blacks.

Linseed is subject to spontaneous heating. Fires have been started that way!

Although paraffin oil is more inflammable it never heats up spontaneously.

Secure
LONG ODDS
NOW

SEND FOR PRICE LIST

The privacy and convenience of a Credit Account is offered to all sportsmen, with NO LIMIT for Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Jockeys' Mounts, etc.

CREDIT ACCOUNTS

Commissions are accepted up to any amount for Ante-Post, Starting Price, or Totalisator Returns as desired, by telephone, telegram, or letter.

Telephone: CENTRAL 4030
Telegrams: CHIPPY-TELEX-LONDON

This Guide to the Turf is sent FREE to all David Cope clients. It contains a long article on "How to Beat the Book," and thousands of David Cope clients have won handsomely by taking advantage of the information given in the book.

FILL THIS IN TO-DAY

Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account, and reserve for me a copy of your "Racegoer's Encyclopædia and Diary" until you receive my first commission. I am over 21 years of age.

Name
J.B. 4/6/38
Address
Suggested Weekly Credit £

DAVID COPE
[illegible] LONDON E.C.4

ACID STOMACH

WIND, PAIN AND NAUSEA INSTANTLY RELIEVED

It is a remarkable fact that the entire medical profession regards 'Milk of Magnesia' as the ideal remedy for acid stomach. Doctors know that 'Milk of Magnesia' is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the system and its alkalizing effect is instantaneous. Acidity, wind, heartburn, nausea and indigestion vanish in a marvellous manner on taking 'Milk of Magnesia.' The stomach is soothed and strengthened and digestion is able to proceed in comfort. That sick sour feeling, and headache, caused by too much food, drink, smoke—'Milk of Magnesia' dispels like magic. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' and try it to-day; you'll be delighted. 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' Brand Tablets 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. All chemists.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips preparation of Magnesia.

RHEUMATISM

Sufferer had to be spoon-fed

Rheumatism steals upon its victims in a hundred ways. The scourge seldom misses the smallest chance to set up that soul-destroying pain and stiffness in joint and muscle. 37 year-old Mrs. A., of Preston, was terribly stricken after an attack of 'Flu. "I had the Doctor every day," she writes. "I had to be carried upstairs and had to be fed."

Her husband was nearly frantic and bought every "remedy" that seemed to offer a spark of hope. But all to no purpose.

Then, one day, he came home with a tin of Fynnon Salt. "I didn't want to take it at first," says Mrs. A., "because I had taken so many things." But isn't she grateful to-day that she did try it!

From the first dose there was a difference. The frightful pain grew easier; locked joints began to loosen. "And now," she continues, "I am better. My friends say it is wonderful to see me walk and do all my work again."

Fynnon Salt contains the curative properties found in the waters of world-famous Spas. Here you have the self-same mineral elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium to restore liver and kidneys to splendid working order and rinse the uric acid for ever from your system. Don't delay—get the large 1/9 tin of Fynnon Salt and take a teaspoonful in a tumblerful of water every morning.

The latest Cosmetic News

One of the foremost Package Design Artists has just designed for Poudre Tokalon and Tokalon Skinfoods, entirely new and strikingly handsome cartons in most pleasing colourings. You will at once recognise them by a "crest" of dignity and distinction stamped on every package. By the beauty of their design, they hint intriguingly of the enduring loveliness which the products inside bestow on regular users. One of the preparations, Poudre Tokalon, is made in 12 exciting shades. Under each box is a "window" which shows you the shade of powder inside. A happy idea, isn't it? And here's a favourite beauty trick. To find the shade which is exactly *right* for your skin, try one shade on one side of your face and another shade on the other. You will be astonished at the difference! This Poudre Tokalon is also blended with 'Mousse of Cream' giving an alluring 'matt' finish that is waterproof, shine-proof and stays on all day.

Tokalon Skinfoods can be obtained in handy jars, or in the convenient new tube containers. The famous Tokalon 'Biocel' Skinfood nourishes your skin while you sleep and has a magical effect on wrinkles. Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood is strongly recommended for purifying the pores, clearing up every blemish and making the skin velvety smooth. Tokalon Cold Cream is quite indispensable to every woman for cooling and thoroughly cleansing the skin of all impurities and 'make-up' residue. These preparations, in their attractive new containers, are a really marvellous short-cut to glamour and charm of enduring youthful loveliness. A good plan would be to ask your chemist to show you the whole thrilling range.

NEWS IN THIS WEEK'S ADVERTISEMENTS

Here are some interesting offers which readers of "John Bull" should not overlook:—

A free sample of a famous Dentifrice (PAGE TWENTY-SIX).

A home portable Typewriter complete with case for only 10/- down. (PAGE TWENTY-FOUR).

A free illustrated book on interior decoration and advice on colour schemes can be obtained by all home lovers. (PAGE TWENTY-TWO).

Information on the beauties and attractions of the Cambrian Coast (PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN), and the variety of holiday enjoyment at one of the greatest seaside resorts (PAGE TWENTY-NINE), and a new innovation for holiday travel bargains (PAGE THIRTY-ONE).

£35 in prizes for the best last line to a limerick. (PAGE THIRTY-THREE).

A free maternity book explaining all about a modern maternity Belt designed to give complete comfort and support. (PAGE THIRTY-TWO).

Ideal summer Drinks for everyone. (PAGES FOUR, TWENTY-TWO and TWENTY-SIX).

A free Racing Game can be obtained by all readers. (PAGE THIRTY).

A special free booklet of interest to every housewife. (PAGE TWENTY-THREE).

£35 in Cash Prizes FREE! For Best Last Line to Limerick on Page 33.

THE proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE offer a first prize of £15 Cash and numerous other cash prizes for the best last line to Limerick in their announcement on page 33. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, Friday, June 17th, 1938. You may send in as many entries as you like provided you comply with the rules. Address your entries: Competition (Dept. 12), Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge, Wilts.

She Feels

20 YEARS YOUNGER

MRS. BEDFORD GAUNT REVEALS HOW Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

Ended Her Continual **TIREDNESS**

Stopped Her **DIZZINESS**

Strengthened Her **WEAK STOMACH**

Relieved Her **NERVY FEELINGS!**

From Our Special Health Investigator Mr. Royston Greene

Wimbledon, Wednesday

IT is all too often the case that the various health troubles which manifest themselves round about the age of forty are accepted with resignation by women; they often regard the suffering as natural and inevitable. This impression has condemned thousands to suffering which is entirely unnecessary! And the case of Mrs. Bedford Gaunt, which I investigated to-day, proves it! This happy lady is 43 yet she looks no older than 25 and her energy and spirit is that of a young girl!

"And I owe it all," she said, "to Dr. Cassells Tablets!"

"Splendid, Mrs. Gaunt!" I said. "Now for the sake of other suffering women, will you allow me to publish your experience?"

"Most certainly!" she replied.

"What were your symptoms?" I enquired.

"The symptoms which every woman knows," she answered. "Mostly it was a feeling of terrible tiredness; a heavy, dragging-down feeling as though even the effort of lifting a finger was too much! As I attempted to do my work, I was overcome with dizziness; my head ached maddeningly and my whole system was thoroughly upset! The nerves of my stomach must have been very weak, too, because every meal was followed by awful indigestion."

"You have enough energy now!" I remarked.

"Yes!" she said, "and I have my mother to thank for recommending me to take Dr. Cassells Tablets! I told her how ill I felt and she said, 'All you want is a good course of Dr. Cassells Tablets!' I took her advice and the result you can see for yourself."

"I noticed first, that my headaches and digestive trouble disappeared; then in a day or two I actually found myself singing at my work; I noticed when I got up in the morning that I felt more refreshed and eager to begin the day. All my nervy feelings vanished and it felt as though 20 years had slipped off my shoulders! I found myself absolutely 'cheerful' of energy—stronger, happier and healthier!"

"It is all due to Dr. Cassells Tablets!" ended Mrs. Gaunt emphatically, "and I should like to say to all women especially those approaching, or past the forties. Don't resign yourself to suffer! Dr. Cassells Tablets will make you well again!"

Don't Suffer!

Dr. Cassells Tablets are a priceless boon and blessing. They perform such wonders because they *feed* the Nervous System with New Life and infuse Health and Strength into every cell and fibre. See how soon they will conquer:—

NERVES, INDIGESTION NEURITIS, INSOMNIA, HEADACHES, WEAKNESS NERVOUS BREAKDOWN DEPRESSION, MELANCHOLIA APATHY, MENTAL DULLNESS JUMPINESS, EXHAUSTION WORRY, LOSS OF ENERGY

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS soothe, strengthen and tone the whole system. Pain ceases to trouble you . . . the leaden weights of weakness fall from your limbs . . . Digestion becomes sound and within a short while Health and energy replace suffering and fatigue. Start a course of Dr. CASSELLS *NOW!*

Sold everywhere 6d, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

Soft, smooth ARMS and LEGS without a trace of hair

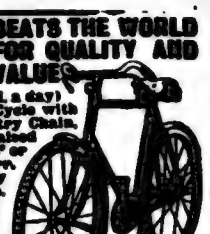
In less time than it takes to slip into your bathing suit you can get rid of that disfiguring hair. Have velvety smooth arms and legs without a trace of hair or stubble. Simply apply this dainty scented cream—wash it off—the hair is gone as if by magic. It's just as easy as that. No mess or bother—absolutely no unpleasant smell. This amazing discovery is sold everywhere under the trademark New 'Veet.' Get a tube to-day and say good-bye to superfluous hair troubles for ever. By exclusive arrangement, every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW 'VEET' ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Dae Health Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. 32F), Cunard Road, Acton, London, N.W.10.

RHEUMATISM OF YEARS STANDING

If you suffer from this harassing complaint do not give up hope. Vitadatio the tried and proved herbal remedy triumphs again! Mrs. White, Cubitt Town, Poplar, writes:—"I have been ill for years with Rheumatism and Ulcer on my ankle, been under treatment for months and in Hospital with little result. My son advised me to take Vitadatio and I never felt better for years. I can walk and wear shoes which I have not worn for three years. I cannot praise Vitadatio too highly."

Start now! Get a bottle to-day! Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle or direct per post (6d. extra in U.K.). From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. Write for FREE BOOK

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE



5/6 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'PLEASE' Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £4:10:0 or 5/6 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £5:12:6. Terms: 6/11 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

GUMS SORE? FIX FALSE TEETH WITH "CUSHION-COMFORT"

Simply sprinkle Dr. Wernet's Powder on your plates. It forms a marvellous "cushion-comfort" which gives instant relief to sensitive gums and positively prevents chafing and soreness like nothing else can. The World's largest seller—Dr. Wernet's Powder—justly called "the perfect powder"—holds plates firmer for hours longer. Leaves no coloured gummy paste—teeth fit so snugly yet comfortably they feel like natural. Prescribed by world's leading dentists—just a sprinkle. Quite harmless, cannot harm the stomach. Inexpensive—sold by chemists everywhere.

RESTLESS NIGHTS —now only a memory!

"Unable to rest with pains around my kidneys, urination so frequent as to cause great inconvenience. I started Bole's Gin Pills and the pains left my back and I felt quite restored and well again."—J.S.L. From chemists 1/3 and 3/- or post free from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 31/32a, Banner St., London, E.C.1. Write for FREE Sample!

WHO'S NEXT FOR A LIFE PENSION?

Again and again "John Bull's" fine Cross-word First Prize is being won outright—within the last few weeks, three more readers have secured Life Incomes for working out our entertaining Crossword. Start now on Puzzle below and you may well be the next Pensioner!

X-WORD PENSION, FORTUNE and FAMILY TRIP TO THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION

£5 MONTHLY FOR LIFE £300

Thrilling week-end visit to Glasgow's Wonder Show, with four of Scottish scenery, for party of four.

WIN "JOHN BULL'S" GREAT NEW 3-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE OR SPLENDID LUMP SUM OF £600 Cash

READ THESE RULES

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares or two columns submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, June 11, 1938.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an entry form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. See "Time-Sava" Form for special conditions governing use.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 23. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, June 28, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £600 Cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 25.

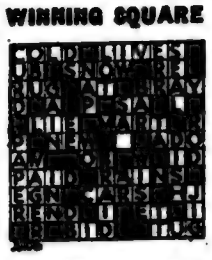
You may enclose "Bullets" with Crosswords—See "Bullets" page

WINNING WORDS No. 109.

ACROSS.—1. COLD. 2. LIVES. 6. RUG. 8. BRAY. 10. LIE. 11. HART. 14. NEW. 19. PAID. 21. RAINS. 22. EARS. 24. READ. 25. BID.

DOWN.—1. CURB. 2. ERR. 4. SEAL. 5. MAP. 7. GAIN. 8. BAR. 9. SAG or SAW. 12. ROD. 13. PAPER. 15. DISH. 16. WASER. 17. BRAID. 18. WIRE. 20. INN. 23. JIG.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point SAG and SAW were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending a penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 20, Bedford St., W.C.2.

X-Word No. 109 Result

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 108, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on left) were the following 23 competitors:—

E. Bowers, 3, Grove Park, Gwaelod, Hollins; Mrs. F. Bradley, Wynston, Ashbourne, Derbys; Miss L. E. Briggs, 23, Front View, Shelf, nr. Halifax; F. F. Clarke, 78, Cambridge Terrace, W.2; Rev. W. Cosgrave, 122, Hazelmead Road, Maccoushe, nr. Doncaster; Mrs. M. Cowley, 18, Lancaster Park, Richmond, Surrey; S. Cramp, 282, Chertsey Road, Feltham; G. Curtis, 21, Staines Road, Twickenham; W. F. Davis, 2, St. John's Church Road, Folkestone; G. Evans, 9, Nottingham Place, W.1; E. Fordham, 262, Milton Road, Cambridge; A. R. Gale, 76, Locks Hill, Portslade, Brighton; R. T. Griffiths, 62, Cambria Road, Liverpool; Lt.-Col. H. Gwyn, Dane House, Farnham Road, Bristol; T. H. Hudson, 34, Birkfield Ave., Five Lane Ends, Bradford; D. Macfarlane, 10, Maple Square, Southsea-on-Sea; J. W. Mattison, 74, Marsh Street, Bradford; C. H. Orchard, 1a, Uphall Road, Ilford; Mrs. H. Pritchard, 12, The Brive, Gilfach, Bargoed; Mrs. Sa'ds, 34, Windermere Ave., Finchley; E. Vaughan, 30, Lepper Road, Clapham, S.W.4; A. V. Walsby, 64, Victoria Ave., East Ham, E.6.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £150, and a cheque for £29 10s. 11d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, June 7, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 187 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive 10s. 9d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

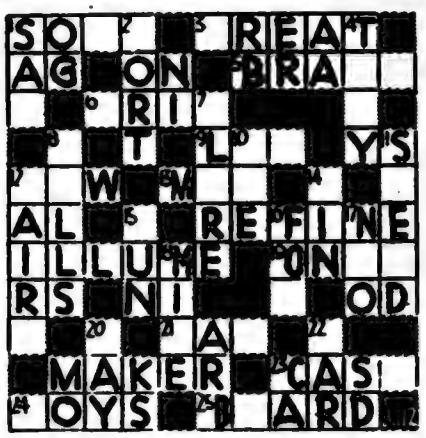
A useful Surprise Award for each of 1147 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

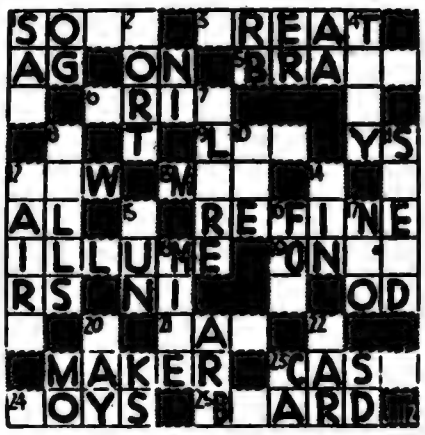
HOW TO ENTER

Ordinary Puzzle Squares below may be used for your entry—or you may use the "Time-Sava" Entry Sheet as directed.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

X-WORD No. 112. Closing Sat., June 11





In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose P.O. Value..... No. .....

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 112, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

"Time-Sava" ENTRY SHEET JOHN BULL X-Word No. 112. Closing Sat. JUNE 11.

FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d ENTRY-FEE FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d ENTRY-FEE

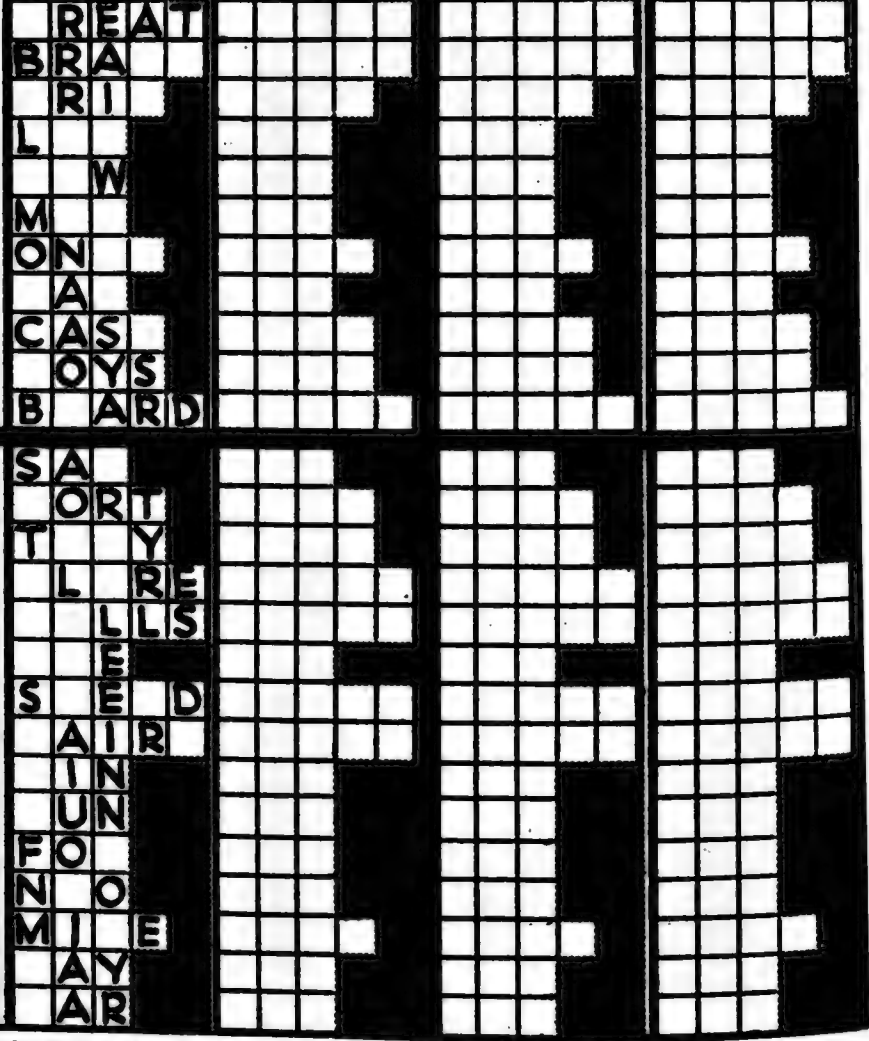
Study these Clues

ACROSS

1. One can get nearly all kinds of this in packets
3. An invitation from mean man to take a drink would be this
5. Apprentice is soon taught to use this in dressmaker's workroom
6. Few people know just how to handle one
9. Lumberman has to cut this with axe
12. Not many, ending curfew
13. Adult male
19. At one time
21. Huntsman appreciates a quiet one after day's rough riding
23. One cannot successfully bring lawsuit without this
24. Occasionally get knocked about by rough play in nursery
25. One expects artist to have

DOWN

1. May be useful tool
2. Harbour
4. Mother has less to do as long as child is this
7. Dazzling light
8. Should be kept clean when in use
10. First number
11. Cowboy needs when helping to round up cattle
12. Many people believe in
14. One would expect first-rate stable to have good one
15. Most of us expect a lot of this on week-end at seaside
16. May make big city unbearable
17. Non-commissioned Officer, abbreviated
18. Coal is obtained from
20. A stormy one will do a lot of damage to crops
22. A lot of petrol is needed for modern one



INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE

First, work out Puzzle on ordinary Square, with aid of Clues. Then indicate first set of Answers by completing in ink a word against each Clue in first column above. EVERY LETTER SPACE IN THIS FIRST COLUMN MUST BE COMPLETED OR ENTRY SHEET DISQUALIFIED. In subsequent columns, print in complete words ONLY where you wish to indicate Answers DIFFERING from first Column. All word spaces left blank in second, third and fourth columns will be regarded as indicating that you wish Answer in Column 1 to be read at these points.

I submit this Entry for X-word 112 on the understanding that first Column and each subsequent Column containing word or words shall be regarded for Adjudication and all other purposes as a full and precise equivalent of current X-word Square, completed with aid of Clues provided. I agree to all Rules and Conditions and custom

P.O. Value..... Signed.....

No..... Address.....

.....

We're All Criminals!

LET us sweep away the obsolete laws that lie mouldering in the Statute Book.

Compel our M.P.s to rid us of the crazy relics of the past that make criminals of us all and slow down the hands of progress!

One M.P., Sir Arnold Wilson, is eager to start.

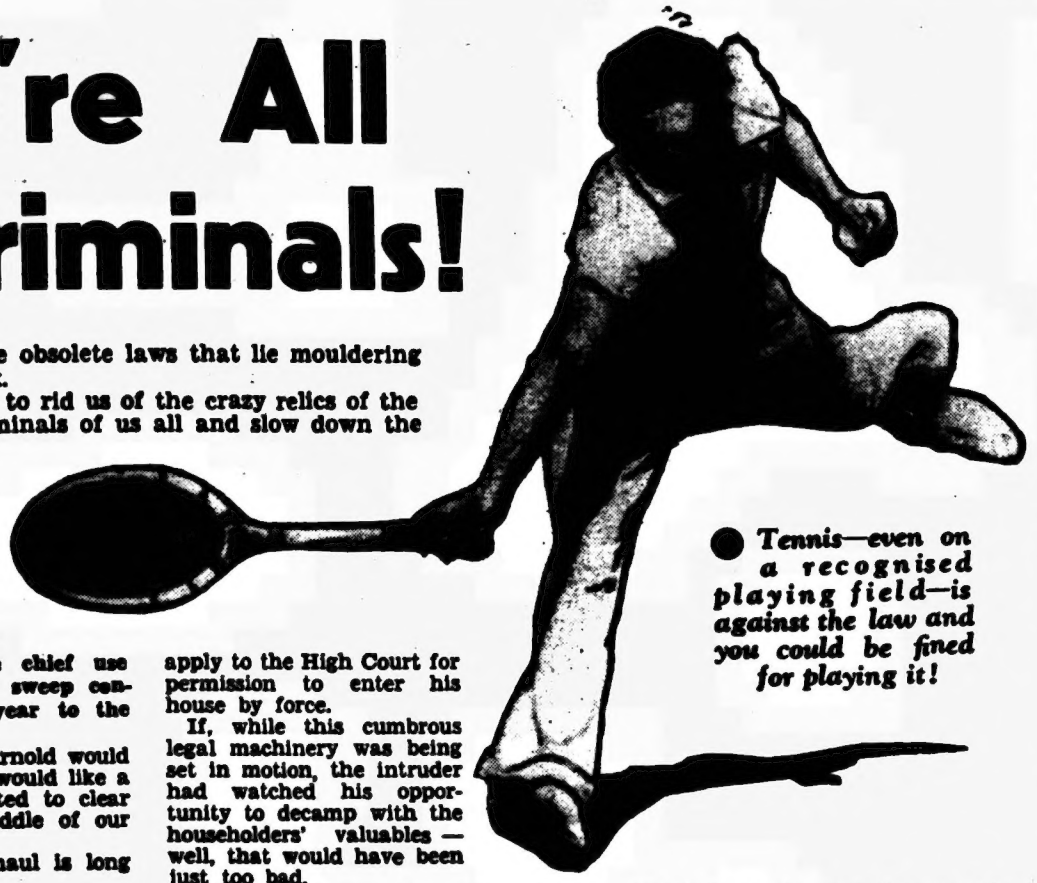
A Bill he has introduced aims at bringing a new broom into action. It will repeal a few old Acts that may have been necessary in the days of Oliver Twist, but whose chief use to-day is to make every sweep contribute half-a-crown a year to the Police Pension Fund.

It's a tiny start, as Sir Arnold would be the first to admit. He would like a Minister of Justice appointed to clear up the whole gigantic muddle of our law.

Certainly a drastic overhaul is long overdue.

If you're a motorist, you can't take your car on the roads without breaking at least half a dozen laws, however carefully you drive.

If you are a mother, you commit an offence every time you wheel your pram on the pavement.



● *Tennis—even on a recognised playing field—is against the law and you could be fined for playing it!*

The scapegoat

Are you a young man? Then you may be haled into court for playing football—even on a recognised playing ground—or tennis, or practically every other game.

You may think there is not much chance of the police tripping you up for infringing such forgotten prohibitions, and you will be right.

But scores of ancient decrees, many of them dating from the dim days of King John or Queen Elizabeth, still involve peaceful citizens in trouble and expense.

Not long ago, a market gardener was fined at Leicester for selling produce straight to shopkeepers instead of through the local market.

He was the scapegoat, not of one of our bureaucratic Food Boards, but of a centuries-old law that even the magistrates knew nothing about.

And that is easily surpassed by some of the surprises which await the unwary.

Dark Ages

Supposing a trespasser enters your house while you are out and bolts the door on you.

Should you try to break in, you will soon have the law after you—a law intended to check the turbulence of the barons who pestered England in the Dark Ages!

One householder was actually proceeded against in such circumstances a few years ago.

What he should have done was to apply to the High Court for permission to enter his house by force.

If, while this cumbrous legal machinery was being set in motion, the intruder had watched his opportunity to decamp with the householders' valuables—well, that would have been just too bad.

Again, if a tenant who owes a year's rent stages a "moonlight flit," the landlord can only obtain possession of the premises under an Act of 1737.

This gem of ponderous absurdity empowers a magistrate to order a constable to inspect the premises.

When this officer is satisfied that the tenant is not lurking in a cupboard, and that the house is really deserted, he must fix a notice announcing his intention of calling again in fourteen days' time.

Then, except in the unlikely event of the absconding tenant having returned, the landlord is graciously granted possession.

Not all these unsuspected legal traps are ancient, however.

In 1936 a man was fined for taking down his own garden fence to annoy a neighbour, thanks to a law of 1861, which the judge described as containing "too much Latin."

"Obsolete verbiage"

The Highways Act of 1835 allows an onlooker to arrest a person who drives "any sort of carriage" furiously, though what would happen if excitable pedestrians tried to impede the progress of fast-driving motorists may be left to the imagination.

As for the Medicines and Stamp Act of last century, which still inflicts headaches on many shopkeepers, a judge has confessed that it is simply "a mass of obsolete verbiage."

Fortunately, Parliament repealed 250 ancient Acts two years ago to oil the wheels of local government.

But administration of public affairs is hampered by scores of other anomalies.

One allows every chief constable to decide just which laws he shall enforce in his area.

No need to emphasise the dangers of that. It explains, too, why darts and pin-tables are banned in the taverns of some towns, yet permitted elsewhere.

Innocent recreation, indeed, is tabooed by all sorts of ghostly survivals from the age of serfdom.

Boxing is illegal. Labourers may not play cards or tennis—except on Christmas Day in their master's presence.

Only at Christmas may any citizen have a game of bowls outside his own garden. Dice and billiards are forbidden to all working men.

It is illegal to eat meat on Wednesday or mince-pies at Christmas. The penalty for killing a swan is death.

A boy who cuts a barge adrift may be transported for life. Everyone who fails to go to church on Sunday, be he Christian, Jew or agnostic, may be fined.

That's all done with, you say? Remember that the Sunday Observance Act is still used by a few strait-laced authorities to fine shopkeepers for selling newspapers on Sunday, and informers have sought an easy harvest in recent times by claiming rewards for sneaking against the holders of Sunday entertainments.

Actually, no work is legal on the Sabbath. No trains or 'buses should run, and those who operate them are liable to fines or the stocks.

Impeding justice

Now for a blow to temperance advocates. It is an offence, punishable by imprisonment, to "solicit or induce the King's lieges to abstain from alcoholic drink." Nor is it legal to speak Welsh.

So the catalogue goes on. Though many of its items are no longer enforced, many continue to impede our systems of justice and government.

That is why the Statute Book should be spring-cleaned, as Sir Wyndham Childs, chief of JOHN BULL'S Investigation Department, demanded years ago. Since then many judges have appealed for public opinion to be roused in favour of law reform.

In the end, the matter is the responsibility of Parliament.

Sir Arnold Wilson's new Bill, therefore, is deserving of notice, particularly since he demands some supervision over the ever-growing chaos of the law.

Now is his chance to agitate for a body of expert lawyers to embark on this necessary task.

Until that is done, the rule that "ignorance of the law is no defence" will continue to mock Justice.

Tackle This Teaser!

B		A	R	D

One more letter in the blank space above and you can complete an apt Answer to the Clue, "One expects artist to have."

Got it? Then turn to page 36. There you will find a whole puzzle full of such interesting Clues—with a Life Pension, big cheque and Family Trip to the Empire Exhibition heading this week's fine Crossword prize-list.

Greatest of These

Patricia

EVERY rent day is dreaded by Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls, of Poplar.

Augustus Nicholls served in the 1st Essex Regiment throughout the war, and was wounded in the face at the Dardanelles.

He is now blind in one eye, has defective hearing, and suffers from chronic rheumatism and bronchitis. His doctor says he will never be able to work again.

Mrs. Nicholls patiently looks after her invalid husband and brings up two children—Rosie, aged eleven, and Patricia, aged six.

Of 48s. relief, 12s. has to be paid for rent. Now the rent is in arrears, and they have had to appeal for help for the first time.

We hope that all who are able will send a donation to help Patricia's parents.

Donations should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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6d. per Tablet. All Chemists.

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Touch up occasionally with HINDES HAIR TINT of the correct shade. There is nothing to compare with this famous old preparation for preserving and restoring natural colour and lustre to faded hair. Four shades — Light Brown, Brown, Dark Brown, Black.
Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, 2/6 per bottle.

HOW HOSPITALS CURE ACID STOMACH

Who knows more about the treatment of Acid in the Stomach than the great Harley Street consultants who attend the big Hospitals to give their specialised advice to patients suffering from stomach trouble? Years of first-hand experience have shown them beyond a shadow of doubt what is beneficial and what is useless. When specialists want to cure Acid Stomach they always advise stomach powder mixed in milk or water. The reason is simple enough. By this method the stomach receives instantly the fullest medicinal benefit of the Bismuth, Magnesium, Calcium, and the other carefully balanced ingredients that go to make Maclean Brand Stomach Powder so soothing and effective. These eminent specialists know they could save their Nurses' time by handing out capsules or sweets. Why don't they? Because they want to cure their patients, quickly and completely. There is no method so reliable or so efficient as Maclean Brand Stomach Powder mixed in milk or water.

If you suffer from excess acid, Indigestion, Flatulence, etc., follow the powder method used in Hospitals. Get a bottle of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder which is only genuine if the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" appears on both bottle and carton. 1/3, 2/- and 5/- from all chemists. Powder or Tablets; also pocket tins of Tablets 9d.

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When you feel you can't stand the pain of your aching, corn-tortured feet any longer, just plunge them into the medicated and oxygenated water of a 'Reudel' Salts footbath. Relief comes instantly. The water carries the corn-loosening salts to the roots so that your corns can be lifted *right out*.

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If you would like a pocket Greyhound Race Game write at once, mentioning "John Bull," to Benbow's Dog Mixture Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., 2, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1. Hurry! before it is too late. There is only a limited number available.

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Dr SINGHA BRAND TABLETS

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TEST IT FREE ENCLOSE 3d IN STAMPS TO COVER POSTAGE & PACKING OF TRIAL SUPPLY

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The Editor Laughs Last

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

EVENING NEWS AND TIMES:—"The Mayor said he wished to LIE equally fair."

BATH WEEKLY CHRONICLE AND HERALD:—"Sir John Simon celebrated his 65th BIRTHPLACE on Monday."

THE YORKSHIRE OBSERVER:—"The DAME, estimated at £1,000, is not covered by insurance."

CAMBRIDGESHIRE TIMES:—"She carried a bouquet of cream SHOES and trailing fern."

GAINSBOROUGH EVENING NEWS:—"P.c. B——— said he WAS the beast in a garden in Ash Grove. . . ."

THE EVENING NEWS:—"A son, the second since the BIRD of the world-famous quintuplets. . . ."

STRONG MAN (Goole).—"I will guarantee to lift anybody's piano for 5s." We enclose 5s. and our neighbour's address.

R. O. (Manchester).—"The last thing I sent in to our local paper was accepted." Your subscription?

F. M. (Kettering).—"When I go for a hike on a hot summer's day, what do you advise me to take?" It easy.

P. D. (Soho).—"Why should the landlord raise my rent when I only occupy the top attic?" Well, you use the stairs more than anybody else, don't you?

E. T. (Eastbourne).—"I told the doctor I thought I was losing my memory." And did he ask for his fee in advance?

O. T. (Stockton).—"Do you think the firm in question is looking for a new cashier?" No; the old one.

H. N. (Ramsgate).—"The landlady told me I would have to pay my bill or leave." Never mind. She might have made you do both.

C. B. (Wembley).—"The latest craze among Hollywood film actresses is the game of draughts." But they have been taking one another's men for years.

"Ever since we've been on this run I've been intending to bring my rod."—From "The Passing Show."

C. N. (Diss).—"A daily gargle with salt and water will prevent colds and sore throats." That's some consolation to those who are learning to swim at the seaside.

L. J. (Watford).—"What, after all, does this 'Roast Beef of Old England' complex give us?" Cold meat on Monday, rissoles on Tuesday, cottage pie on Wednesday and hash on Thursday.

E. K. (Ascot).—"The thief might have been able to hide if the lift had taken him to the top floor as he expected, but it descended to the street level where the detective was waiting." It let him down.

"Bullets" Illustrated: Lion v. Wolf—Lodger and Dad, Dining!

D. B. (Taunton).—"When driving, whisky is best." Left alone.

S. C. (Cardiff).—"What is the chief qualification for membership of the leading women's clubs?" Being a woman.

D. C. (Frome).—"Personally, I can't see anything in a shiny top-hat." Well, try one a size or two smaller.

L. G. (York).—"What does a solicitor make the peculiar charge of 6s. 8d. for?" Almost anything.

B. K. (Wells).—"I often stand in front of the mirror admiring my beauty. I suppose you'd call that vanity." Or imagination.

V. P. (Hinckley).—"What kind of literature would you advise me to pack in my bag when I go for my walking tour?" Something light.

S. B. (Highgate).—"I think M.P.s should be stopped from putting so many unnecessary questions." That's asking too much.

P. B. (Putney).—"My earliest ambition was to be an actor and now I am on the stage!" But has your earliest ambition been realised?

R. W. (Longsight).—"Don't you agree that a woman's thoughts rise above dress?" That's right. She's probably thinking of a new hat.

MRS. E. K. (Penn).—"My husband brought fame to our village by his wide knowledge of geography." He put it on the map.

G. M. (Hitchin).—"I've never had a helping hand in all my life." Our luck at bridge hasn't been quite as bad as that.

P. N. (Ramsgate).—"I said I was going to be away all day, but a friend came round the house and found me busy in the garden." Caught you bending, eh?

B. S. (Aberdeen).—"When I take her to the theatre, we always have a box." Of chocolates?

S. N. (Kew).—"I am crazy to go on the films." Agreed, judging by the photograph you enclosed.

M. L. (Amersham).—"What would you call a man who never has a bone to pick with anybody?" Vegetarian.

E. M. (Holborn).—"What would the old-fashioned city worker do without his good old umbrella?" Get wet.

S. M. (Walton).—"A good turn always brings some reward." Then you've never cranked a car which has run out of petrol.

B. B. (Colchester).—"After all, if you don't like a particular item on the wireless you needn't listen to it." You don't know our neighbours.

B. P. (Crewe).—"Men dislike the girl who shuts herself up in a glass case." Especially if there's no other telephone box within miles.

AIRMAN (Croydon).—"I had fallen into a pleasant reverie while at the controls when engine trouble suddenly brought me back to my senses." You came to earth?

R. Y. (Walmer).—"There was a strong smell of gas because my wife had forgotten to turn it off at the main, but I was determined not to cause trouble." You didn't want to flare up.

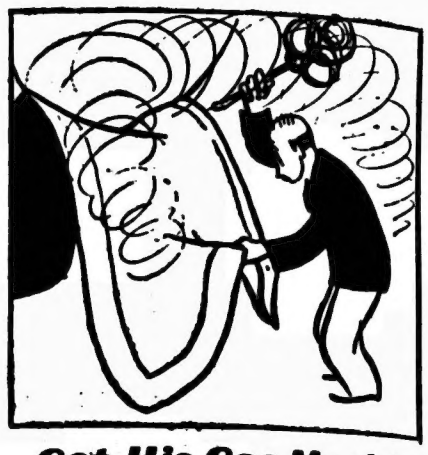
P. H. (Norwich).—"A shilling, on which I scratched my name a long time ago, has just been returned to me anonymously." We have decided to autograph our pound notes in future.

NERVOUS (Enfield).—"I have the greatest difficulty in making myself get into an empty railway carriage." Our difficulty is to squeeze into one already full.

S. L. (Wigan).—"I admit I reluctantly agreed to be the standard-bearer in the pageant, but I'd no idea that I had to participate in a five-mile march." You think that's carrying it too far.

PATER (Bristol).—"The young man who calls on my daughter stays until the early hours of the morning. He doesn't know how to say good-night, apparently." On the contrary, he seems to know how to say it very well indeed

Dad's . . .



Got His Gas Mask!

by Maz

H. F. (Rugby).—"My dog always goes for the rate collector." Our rate collector comes of his own accord.

C. M. (Harrow).—"Our best cricketers use their pads far more than the famous batsmen of thirty years ago." If you mean their writing-pads, we agree.

B. J. L. (Wittering).—"In these times I can't see much object in living to 100." You would if you won that pension prize offered on the opposite page.

F. V. (Walthamstow).—"To be successful, our heavy-weight boxers must go into the ring more often." And stay there longer.

PROFESSOR (London, W.).—"I gave the fellow a full course of memory training, and he went away, forgetting to pay my fee. Now I can't get in touch with him." You can't remember his address?

A. S. (Denham).—"My wife is taking lessons from me in painting. I find her very apt, to say the least." That's strange. Most husbands find wives apt to say the most.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

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ONE WEEK ONLY Closing Postmark SAT JUNE 11

1 2 4

SENSATION follows sensation! Before you to-day is another magnificent one-week *Bullets* Offer, crowned by a splendid Life Pension First Prize.

Act promptly and there is no reason why a few simple words on a coupon cut from this page should not bring this giant reward to you. Yes, enter the best *Bullet* of the week and on Friday, June 24, a golden Joy Wire will name you winner of £2 Weekly for Life.

The lifelong security of this Life Pension prize can be won by you in the next half-hour by adding TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* provided.

'BULLETS' 1,120 RESULT

First Prize, £300 plus "Empire Tour" for Two:

R. SMITH, 59, Ravensworth Street, Sunderland.
Example: SPOILT CHILD
Bullet: WON'T "THANK HIS PARENTS."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£50 PLUS "EMPIRE TOUR":

F. R. SMITH, 69, Dragon Parade, Harrogate, Yorks.
Example: Makes A Nation
Bullet: Its People, Not Population.

£25 PLUS "EMPIRE TOUR":

Miss C. M. BUTSON, Lacy Lathe, Charlestown, nr. Hebden Bridge, Yorks.
Example: Tramps
Bullet: Make Mother Boil—*Kettle!*

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: A. E. CARR, 45, Rigby Street, South Preston, Lancs.
Perhaps—"Maybe!" Made Me Might-have-been.

£9: F. L. HARGREAVES, 4, Victoria Avenue, Northdown, Broadstairs.
To Speed Up Production—Of Truth, Dad's "Belt."

£8: W. P. VICKERSTAFF, 16, Wyngate Drive, Leicester.
For Dear Life—Dad "Slogs"—"Fifty" *Unwanted.*
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£7: Mrs. S. PREWIN, 4, Albany Road, Reading.
Comes First—Dictator's Food Taster's Dog!

£6: E. J. HARRISON, Barnsley Road, Cudworth, Yorks.
Geneva's Exhibition—*Omen* To The Public.

£5: G. MANT, 81, Whistler Street, London, N.
Spoilt Child—Only Gets *Upper* "Hand."

£4: Mrs. M. B. BETTISON, Maesmor, Pewley Way, Guildford.
In Europe's Drama—Villains Making *Victims* "Murderers."

10 OF £3 EACH:

J. W. ACTON, 53, Abinger Road, Deptford, S.E.
Out In The Open—Campers—Cow "Under Canvas"!

E. L. ALLEN, Heatherdale, Illogan H Way, Redruth, Cornwall.
Dad Went To The Derby And—Bookie Even Got Sandwiches!

Mrs. D. DANIELS, 25, Lancaster Street, Blaina, Mon.
Most Mysterious—Daughter, Since Seeing Garbo!

R. N. GEDDINGS, Slapton, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.
Ominous Crack—In Soil, "Breaking" Farm.

F. B. HARRISON, 37, Pontefract Lane, Leeds.
Time Waits For Nobody, So—Little Wonder, Woman's Enemy.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Miss K. A. JACKSON, Phyllis Court, Charles Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Makes A Nation—*Strong*, "Sea Fever."

P. T. JONES, 4, Merton Terrace, Bridgnorth, Salop.
What She Heard—"Twisted," Used As "Lash."

Start by choosing a few *Examples* from the list, and to each one add all the ideas it suggests to your mind. Then juggle with words until you have improved these rough notes to neat *Bullets*.

Suppose, for instance, that to the *Example*, RUINED THE MATCH, you had first added *Living in Overcrowded Little House*. From this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, RUINED THE MATCH—HOME LIKE A "BOX."

Now turn to the *Examples* and get busy on your *Bullets*, for they must be posted on or before Saturday, June 11.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

BATSMAN NEVILLE
PARADISE FOR WOMAN
GROWING PROSPERITY
WHAT PARLIAMENT MEANS
COAL
BY THE SILVERY SEA
SHOWS HE'S IN LOVE
GOLDEN DAYS
HOW WE SHOULD LAUGH IF
TO BANISH FEAR
ARCHITECT OF TO-MORROW
WHAT THE ROADHOG SAID
TOUCHING
WHEN DAD TRIED TENNIS
MY STRUGGLE
RUINED THE MATCH
IN AUNTIE'S MILK BAR
WITHOUT A SEAT
SPENDING MONEY
I CAN'T SEE WHY
MAKES IT HARDER
SOMETHING CAME UNSTUCK AND
STINGING REPLY
JUST A LITTLE
GRANDPA'S HOLIDAY
GAVE SONNY A PAIN
WITH FURROWED BROW
SCENTED
WHEN FIRST WE MET
PULLING THE STRINGS
NEEDS NURSING
PROBLEM FOR THE BOSS

W. T. REEVE, 1, Woolstone Road, London, S.E.
When Grandpa Celebrated—Moth-balls Made Cacheous Unnecessary!

E. SARGENT, 15, Lionel Road, Tonbridge, Kent.
Most Mysterious—Life—Especially Our Neighbour's!

W. A. WEBB, 16, Westfield Drive, Kenton, Harrow.
Out In The Open—And "Poverty's Prison," Ploughman.

A list of 25 10s. and 220 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

New Service for Readers With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry fees, thus saving 2½d on poundage and postage.
Make Postal Order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,124, and Crossword No. 112, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,124) P.O. No. .....
Closing postmark SAT., June 11. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,124) P.O. No. .....
Closing postmark SAT., June 11. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed .....
Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, JUNE 11.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,124) P.O. No. .....
Closing postmark SAT., June 11. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed .....
Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR COMPETITION No 1,124 IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY
I enclose **THREE** or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,124, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.
Signed .....
Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,124 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,119 will be displayed in the window of D. Greenwood, 16, High Road, Woodmill Lane, Swaything, Southampton.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,124, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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WHATEVER you do at Whitsun—on the beach if it's sunny, hiking, cycling, playing games yourself or watching others—you'll enjoy it all the more if you let Bile Beans make you gloriously fit and well.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up your system, improve your vitality, and make you feel 100% better. So start taking Bile Beans to-night and make sure of getting the utmost pleasure and benefit from your Whitsuntide holiday.

WANT TO BE SLIM?

Is your problem a natural tendency to put on weight? If so, you can solve it without fasting, dieting or violent exercise. Just take two Bile Beans regularly each night and you'll "slim while you sleep."

Bile Beans not only remove surplus fat safely and surely, but they definitely improve your health, your figure, and your looks.

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